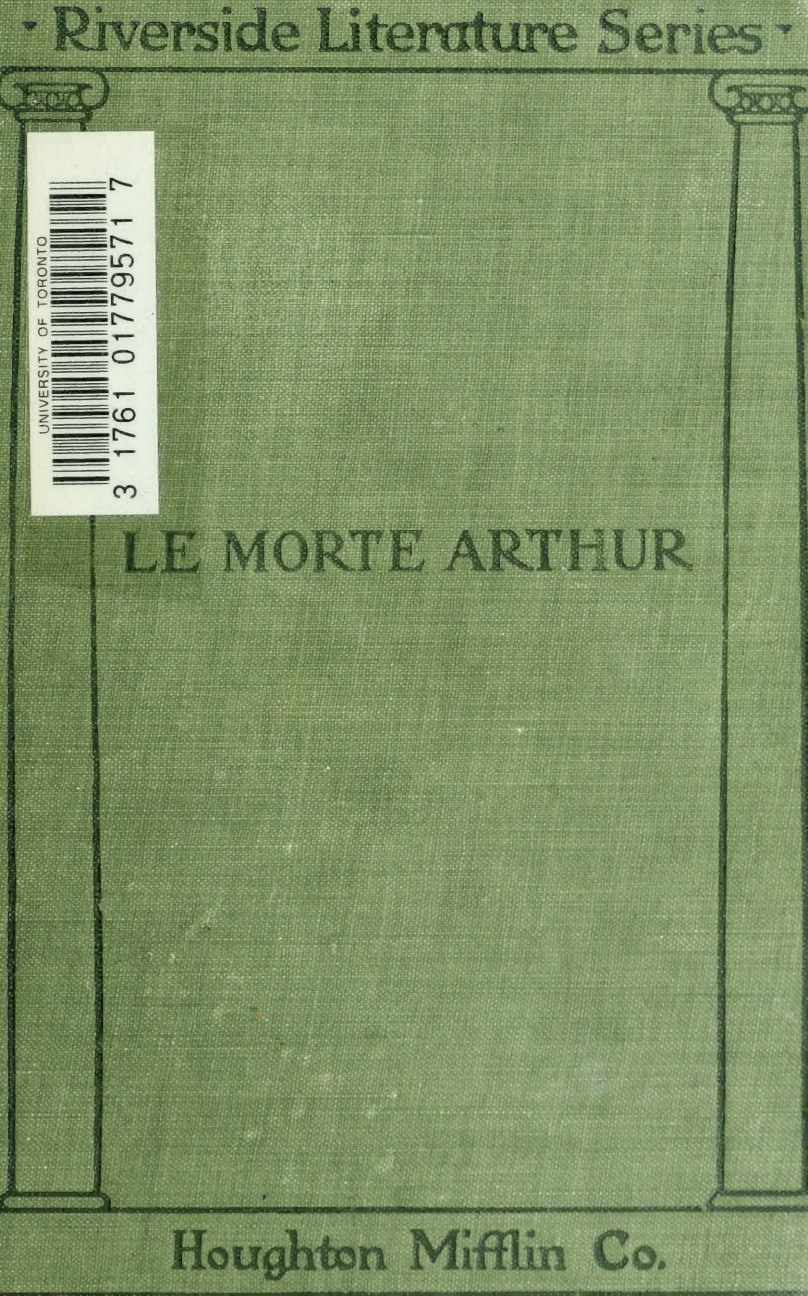
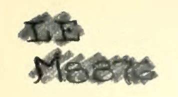


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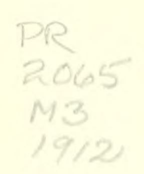
A MIDDLE ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCE

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INTRODUCTORY SKETCH

I. THE POEM

Le Morte Arthur is a fourteenth-century English metrical romance, in eight-line stanzas, dealing with the love of Lancelot and Guinevere, the wars resulting therefrom, Arthur's death after the great battle in the west, and the deaths of Lancelot and Guinevere. The romance is found in one manuscript only, — Harleian 2252, Brit. Mus., — and is often referred to as the Harleian *Morte Arthur* or the stanzaic *Morte Arthur.* The dialect is Midland (probably East Midland), somewhat modified by the Northern dialect of the scribe who copied ll. 1–1901, and the Southern dialect of the scribe who finished the copy.

The poem has recently been ably edited by Professor J. Douglass Bruce for the Early English Text Society (Extra Series, LXXVIII), and to his edition all serious students of the poem should turn. The present edition is designed for the more elementary student and for class-room use. The Notes and Glossary are therefore simpler and fuller, and are designed to meet the needs of the beginner. This edition does not include detailed discussions of the various problems connected with the poem. The results of Bruce's investigations are recorded here, and for details the student is referred to his work. As Bruce's text is practically a reprint of the manuscript, I have followed it, making few emendations, and have not thought it wise to burden the pages with textual notes.

The chief problems connected with the poem are in regard to its source and its relation to Books XX and

XXI of Malory's *Morte Darthur*. The two possibilities as to its relation to Malory are: (1) that our romance is the source of Malory's last two books; (2) that our romance and Books XX and XXI of Malory are taken from the same source. Dr. Sommer, in his monumental edition of Malory, remains undecided between these two possibilities, but Bruce (in *Anglia*, XXIII, 67 ff.) has shown the latter to be the more probable. The source of these two versions seems to have been a (now lost) modification of the Old French *Mort Artu*, as the last part of the thirteenth-century prose romance, generally referred to as the "Vulgate Lancelot," is called. In the Notes I have quoted some of the more striking parallels from both the *Mort Artu* and Malory, but for a full discussion the student is referred to Bruce's article in *Anglia* and to his edition of the Old French *Mort Artu* (Halle, 1910). Although it has been proved conclusively that Malory was not wholly dependent upon our poem, nevertheless the many verbal similarities prove almost as conclusively that he was familiar with it and often borrowed its phraseology.

Le Morte Arthur is particularly well adapted to serve as an introduction to a much neglected field of English literature. Its appeal to the modern reader is far greater than that of the ordinary mediæval romance, because of both its matter and its form. A comparison of this poem with its contemporary, the alliterative *Mort Arthure*, demonstrates the superiority of our poem in these respects. First, as regards subject-matter, the main plot and many of the episodes of our romance have proved their fitness by surviving and remaining popular in different forms for six or seven centuries. The subject-matter of the

alliterative *Mort Arthure*, on the other hand, is remote and strange to us. It consists of a series of wars and battles and adventures with unknown kings, knights, and giants. We have neither knowledge of nor associations with the chief actors ; there is no central, unifying theme ; the many episodes are disconnected and unrelated, and the modern reader soon becomes frankly bewildered and bored. But our poem is of greater interest to-day not only because the characters and incidents are more human and familiar, but because the central theme, the love of Lancelot and Guinevere, gives form and unity to the entire poem. Consciously or unconsciously the poet has subordinated all else to this one motive ; the poem has a beginning, a middle, and an end ; restraint is used in descriptions of battles and tournaments ; long digressions and circumlocutions, so dear to the mediæval romancer, are singularly few, and there is a vigor and directness which is more characteristic of the ballad than of the romance.

The poem is, of course, rough and crude in many details, but it is full of simple and sincere emotion ; it is (comparatively speaking) well constructed ; it has the saving graces of brevity and interest, and many of the descriptive passages — as for instance Guinevere's return to "karllyl," and the great and sombre scene on the coast of Cornwall just before Arthur's death — rival Malory's in picturesqueness and vividness.

II. THE LANCELOT LEGEND [1]

The popularity of the romances of Sir Lancelot in fourteenth-century Europe is attested by the two great

[1] Students are referred to Miss Jessie L. Weston's *The Legend of Lancelot du Lac* (London, 1901).

poets of the century, one speaking from Italy in the opening years of the century, the other from England toward its close. In the fifth book of the *Inferno*, Francesca tells Dante that it was of Lancelot and of how love constrained him that she and her lover were reading when their own love first blazed forth. In quite a different tone Chaucer, in the *Nonne Preestes Tale* (391 ff.), commenting on the tale of the cock and the fox, writes:—

> This storie is al-so trewe, I undertake,
> As is the book of Launcelot du Lake,
> That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.

And since the days of Chaucer the tale has lost none of its popularity; rather has it tended to usurp, in popular favor, the place held throughout the Middle Ages by the far greater and more human tale of Tristram and Iseult.

Because of its widespread modern popularity we are apt to regard the tale of Lancelot and Guinevere as an essential and integral part of the Arthurian tradition. As a matter of fact, however, it is not until after many of the Arthurian stories have taken definite shape, and many of Arthur's knights have become distinct personalities, that we come upon the first mention of Lancelot. The earliest reference to him, in extant literature, is in the twelfth century, in Chrestien de Troyes' *Erec*, and here he is merely mentioned as the third of Arthur's knights. In Chrestien's next romance, *Cligés*, Lancelot has a more conspicuous place, but there is no mention of his love for Guinevere. This omission shows that Chrestien was either still ignorant of the Lancelot-Guinevere story or not particularly impressed by it, for, though he is silent on this affair, he frequently compares Sir

Cligés' love for his mistress with Tristram's for Iseult. However, in the romance that follows, *Le Chevalier de la Charrette*, Chrestien presents Lancelot as the lover of Guinevere, and implies that the story is well known to his readers; then, later, in *Le Chevalier au Lion* and *Perceval*, he again ignores Lancelot entirely. It is evident from Chrestien's treatment of him that in the twelfth century Lancelot was not a very conspicuous figure in Arthurian literature, and that his connection with the Queen was but a single, unimportant detail in his life, not the central theme of Arthurian romance.

But although Chrestien's references to Lancelot are the earliest that have survived, we have what are apparently fragments of earlier Lancelot legends preserved in the thirteenth-century romance of *Lanzelet* by Ulrich von Zatzikhoven. This romance is little more than a compilation of various short stories about Lancelot. It is inconsistent, contradictory, and confused to the highest degree; many of the adventures of other heroes are ascribed to Lancelot; sometimes he appears as the queen's lover, oftener not; sometimes unmarried and with a single illegitimate son, at other times married to three or four different women and with a numerous progeny. The one part of the story which is consistent, in its main outline at least, is the story of the birth and training of Lancelot. He is always Lancelot *du Lac*, a king's son, carried away when a baby by the fairy Lady of the Lake, and living with her in a mysterious country in the middle of the lake, until he is old enough to ride out and avenge her wrongs. At the age of fifteen he starts on his quest of adventure, and finally arrives at Arthur's court. From this point on, all is confused and contra-

dictory, but from the very confusion we get a hint of the probable origin of the Lancelot legend.

Lancelot is evidently not the creation of any single mediæval romancer or chronicler, and because Chrestien's story of his intrigue with Guinevere is the earliest extant, it by no means follows that Chrestien invented that story. Lancelot is rather the creation of the people and the age, the typical hero of folk-lore, one of those of whom —

> The olde gentil Britons in hir dayes
> Of divers aventures maden layes
> Rymeyed in hir firste Briton tonge ;
> Which layes with hir instruments they songe,
> Or elles redden hem for hir plesaunce.

This hypothesis explains the confusion in such a romance as Ulrich's. Each singer composed, independently, his own lays of Lancelot. Those lays survived which took the popular ear because of their tuneful music or the beauty of their verse. The lay which told of his birth and training was evidently early and widespread, and his appellation, Lancelot *du Lac*, perhaps helped this lay, which explains the appellation, to persist.

But how can we explain Chrestien's treatment of the love story, his habit of sometimes referring to it as well known and at other times ignoring it? In a few early Arthurian tales Guinevere had been presented as a faithless wife, and it occurred to some inventive singer to identify Lancelot as the lover. At first, perhaps, his lay attracted little attention ; it was but one more tale of Lancelot, and probably had little intrinsic beauty to recommend it. Once given this theme, however, lays dealing with the love of Lancelot for the Queen would multiply, until perhaps in

Chrestien's days these lays would be well known, though no more popular or prominent than many other tales of Lancelot. And then finally we must assume that some real poet sang of Lancelot's love, and his lay was of such surpassing beauty that it outshone all the others, until soon, in men's minds, the one great fact about Lancelot was his guilty love for Guinevere. And gradually in the thirteenth century, in some such way, this great love story, which in Chrestien's day was a trivial detail, became not only the main theme of the Lancelot story, but the central fact in Arthurian romance.

It was in the early years of the thirteenth century that the enormous compilation, the prose Vulgate version of the Arthurian romances, first appeared. This version did for Arthurian legend in the thirteenth century what Malory did in the fifteenth; it is, in the words of Dr. Sommer, whose edition of this tremendous work is now being published by the Carnegie Institution, "the ultimate stage in a process of welding heterogeneous elements into a not very harmonious whole." This great compilation is divided into six parts, of which the fourth, the book of Lancelot, is considerably longer than the other five together. The six parts are: (1) *Le Grand Saint Graal*; (2) Robert de Borron's *Merlin*; (3) *Le Livre d'Artus*, a continuation of (2), and with (2) known as *L'Estoire de Merlin*; (4) *Le Livre de Lancelot del Lac*, Parts I, II, and III; (5) *La Quest de Saint Graal*; and (6) *La Mort Artus* or *Mort Artu*, the source of our fourteenth-century English romance (see p. iv), in which, at last, form and new power are given to the story of Lancelot.

LE MORTE ARTHUR

Lordingis that ar leff And dere,
lystenyth and I shall you tell
By olde dayes what aunturs were
Amonge oure eldris þat by-felle:
In Arthur dayes, that noble kinge,
By-felle Aunturs ferly fele,
And I shall telle of there endinge
That mykell wiste of wo and wele.

The knightis of the table Round,
The sangrayle whan they had sought,
Aunturs that they by-fore them found
Fynisshid and to ende brought;
Their enemyes they bette & bound,
For gold on lyff they lefte them noght.
Foure yere they lyved sound,
Whan they had these werkis wroght,

Tille on a tyme þat it by-felle
The kinge in bed lay by the quene,
Off Aunturs they by-ganne to telle,
Many that in þat land had bene:
"Sir, yif that it were youre wille,
Of a wondir thinge I wold you mene,
How your courte by-gynnyth to spill
Off duoghty knightis all by-dene;

Syr, your honour by-gynnys to falle,
That wount was wide in world to sprede,
Off launcelott and of other all
That euyr so doughty were in dede."
"Dame, there-to thy counsell I calle:
What were best for suche a nede?"
"yiff ye your honoure hold shalle,
A turnement were best to bede,

For-why that Auntre shall by-gynne
And by spoke of on euery syde,
That knightis shall there worship wynne
To dede of Armys for to Ryde.
Sir, lettis thus youre courte no blynne
But lyve in honour and in pride."
"Certys, dame," the kinge said thenne,
"Thys ne shall no lenger abyde."

A turnement the king lett bede,
At Wynchester shuld it be,
Yonge Galehod was good in nede,
The Chefteyne of the Crye was he,
With knightis þat were stiff on stede,
That ladyes and maydens might se
Who that beste were of dede
Thrughe doughtynesse to have the gre.

Knightis Arme them by-dene
To the turnemente to Ride,
With sheldis brode and helmys shene
To wynne grete honoure and pride.
launcelot lefte withe the quene
And seke he lay that ylke tyde;
for loue þat was theym by-twene
he made inchessoun for to abyde.

The kynge satte vppon his stede
And forthe is went vppon his way;
Sir Agraveyne for suche a nede
At home by-lefte, for soth to say,
For men told in many a thede
That launcelot by the quene lay;
For to take them with the dede
he Awaytes both nyght and day.

launcelott forth wendys he,
Unto the chambyr to the quene,
And sette hym downe vpon his kne
And salues there that lady shene.
"launcelott, what dostow here with me?
The kinge is went and þe courte by-dene;
I drede we shall discouerid be,
Off the loue is vs by-twene;

Sir agravayne at home is he,
nyght & day he waytes vs two."
"Nay," he sayd, "my lady fre,
I ne thinke not it shall be so;
I come to take my leve of the,
Oute of courte or that I go."
"ya swithe þat thou Armyd be,
For thy dwellynge me is full woo."

launcelott to his chambyr yede,
There Riche atyre lay hym by-fore,
Armyd hym in noble wede,
Off that Armure gentylly was shore;
Swerd and sheld were good at nede
In many batayles þat he had bore,
And horsyd hym on a grey stede
kyng Arthur had hym yeve by-fore;

haldys he none highe way,
The knight þat was hardy and fre,
Bot hastis bothe night and day
Faste toward that Riche Cite,—
Wynchester it hight, for sothe to say,—
There the turnament shuld be;
kinge Arthur in a castell lay,
Full myche there was of gam and gle.

For-why men wold launcelott by-hold,
And he ne wold not hym-self shewe,
Wyth his shuldres gonne he fold
And downe he hangid his hede full low,
As he ne might hys lymmys weld;
Kepit he no bugle blowe;
Wele he semyd As he were old,
For-thy ne couth hym no man knowe.

The kinge stode on a toure on highte,
Sir Evwayne clepis he þat tyde;
"Syr evwayne, knowistow any wight
This knight þat Rides here by-syde?"
Sir Evwayne spekis wordis Right,
That Ay is hend is not to hyde,
"Sir, it is som old knighte
Is come to se þe yonge knightis Ride."

They by-held hym bothe Anone
A stounde for the stedis sake;
his hors stomelyd at a stone
That alle his body there-with gan shake;
The knight þan braundisshid yche a bone,
As he the bridelle vp gan take;
There-by wiste they bothe Anone
That it was launcelott du lake.

kynge Arthur than spekis he
  To sir evwayne there wordis Right:
"Welle may launcelot holden be
  Off alle þe world the beste knight
Off biaute and of bounte,
  And sithe is none so moche of myght,
At every dede beste is he,
  And sithe he nold it wist no wight,

Sir Evwayn, will we done hym byde;
  he wenys þat we know hym noght."
"Sir, it is better lette hym Ride
  And lette hym do as he hath thoght;
he wolle be here nere by-syde,
  Sithe he þus ferre hedyr hath sought;
We shalle hym know by his dede
  And by the hors þat he hath brought."

An Erle wounyd there be-syde,
  The lord of Ascolot was hight;
launcelot gonne thedyr Ride
  And sayd he wolle there dwell all night.
They resseyvid hym with grete pryde;
  A Riche soper there was dight;
his name ganne he hele and hyde
  And sayd he was a strange knight.

Thanne had the erle sonnys two
  That were knightis makid newe;
In þat tyme was the maner so,
  Whan yonge knightis shuld sheldis show,
Tille þe friste yere were agoo,
  To bere Armys of one hewe,
Rede or white, yelew or bloo;
  There-by men yonge knightis knew.

As they satte at there sopere,
launcelot to the erle spake thare:
"Sir, ys here Any Bachelere
That to the turnament wolle fare?"
"I haue two sonnys that me is dere,
And now that oonne is seke full sare;
So in companye þat he were
myne other sonne I wold were thare."

"Sir, and thy sonne wille thedir Right,
The lenger I wolle hym abyde,
And helpe hym there with all my myght
That hym none harme shall be-tyde."
"Sir, the semys a noble knight,
Courteyse and hend, is not to hyde;
At morow shall ye dyne and dight,
Togedir I rede welle þat ye Ride."

"Syr, of one thinge I wolle you mynne
And be-seche you for to spede,
yif here were Any Armure Inne,
That I might borow it to this dede."
"Sir, my sonne lieth seke here-in;
Take his Armure and his stede;
For my sonnys men shall you kenne,
Off Rede shall be your bothis wede."

Therle had a doughter þat was hym dere,
Mykell launcelott she beheld;
hyr Rode was rede as blossom on brere
Or floure þat springith in the feld;
Glad she was to sitte hym nere,
The noble knight vndir sheld;
Wepinge was hyr moste chere,
So mykell on hym hyr herte gan held.

Vp than Rose þat mayden stille
  And to hyr chamber wente she tho;
Downe vppon hir bedde she felle,
  That nighe hyr herte brast in two.
launcelot wiste what was hyr wyll,
  Welle he knew by other mo;
hyr brother klepitte he hym tylle
  And to hyr chamber gonne they go;

he satte hym downe for the maydens sake
  vpon hyr bedde there she lay,
Courtessely to hyr he spake,
  For to comforte þat fayre may;
In hyr Armys she gan hym take
  And these wordis ganne she say:
"Sir, bot yif that ye it make,
  Saff my lyff no leche may."

"lady," he sayd, "thou moste lette,
  For me ne giff the no-thynge Ille;
In Another stede myne hert is sette,
  It is not at myne owne wille;
In erthe is no thinge that shall me lette
  To be thy knight lowde and stille;
A-nother tyme we may be mette
  Whan thou may better speke thy fille."

"Sithe I of the ne may haue more,
  As thou arte hardy knight and fre,
In the turnement þat thou wold bere
  Sum signe of myne þat men might se."
"lady, thy sleve thou shalte of-shere,
  I wolle it take for the love of the;
So did I neuyr no ladyes ere
  Bot one that most hathe lovid me."

On the morow whan it was day
They dyned and made them yare,
And þan they went forthe on there way
To-gedyr as they bretherne were.
They mette a squyer by the way
That frome the turnament gan fare,
And askyd yif he couthe them say
Whiche party was the bygger thare.

"Sir Galehod hathe folke þe more,
For sothe, lordingis, as I you telle,
But Arthur is the bigger there;
he hath knightis stiff and felle;
They Ar bold and breme as bare,
Evwayne and boert and lyonelle."
Therlys sonne to hym spake thare:
"Sir, with them I rede we dwelle."

launcelotte spake, as I you rede:
"Sithe they ar men of grete valour,
how might we amonge them spede
There alle are stiffe & stronge in stowre?
helpe we them þat hath most nede;
Ageyne the beste we shall welle dore;
And we might there do Any dede,
It wold vs torne to more honour."

launcelot spekis in that tyde
As knight þat was hardy and fre:
"To-night with-oute I rede we byde;
The presse is grete in the Cite."
"Sir, I haue An Aunte here beside,
A lady of swith grete biaute;
Were it your wille thedir to Ride,
Glad of vs than wold she be."

Tho to the castelle gonne they fare,
To the lady fayre and bright;
Blithe was the lady thare
That they wold dwelle with hyr þat night;
hastely was there soper yare
Off mete and drinke rychely dight.
Onne the morow gonne they dyne & fare,
Both launcelott and þat other knight.

Whan they come in-to þe feld,
Myche there was of game & play;
A while they hovid & by-held
how Arthurs knightis Rode that day.
Galehodis party by-gan to held,
On fote his knightis ar lad away;
launcelott stiff was vndyr sheld,
Thinkis to helpe, yif that he may.

Be-syde hym come þan sir Evwayne,
Breme as Any wilde bore;
launcelott springis hym ageyne,
In Rede armys þat he bare;
A dynte he yaff with mekill mayne,
Sir Evwayne was vn-horsid thare,
That alle men wente he had bene slayne,
So was he woundyd wondyr sare.

Sir boerte thoughte no-thinge good,
Whan Sir Evwayne vn-horsid was;
Forthe he springis as he were wode
To launcelot, with-outen lees;
launcelot hytte hym on the hode,
The nexte way to ground he chese;
Was none so stiff agayne hym stode,
Fulle thynne he made the thikkest prees.

Sir lyonelle be-ganne to tene,
And hastely he made hym bowne;
To launcelott with herte kene
he rode with helme and swerde browne;
launcelott hitte hym, as I wene,
Throughe the helme in-to þe Crowne,
That euyr after it was sene;
Bothe hors and man there yede adowne.

The knightis gadrid togedir thare
And gan with Crafte there counselle take;
Suche a knight was neuyr are
But it were launcelot du lake;
Bot, for the sleve on his Creste was thar,
For launcelot wold they hym noght take,
For he bare nevir none suche by-fore
But it were for the quenys sake.

"Off Ascolot he neuyr was
That thus welle beris hym to-day,"
Ector sayd, with-outen lees;
What he was he wold assay.
A noble stede Ector hym chese
And forthe rydis glad and gay;
launcelot he mette a-mydde þe prese,
By-twene them was no childis play.

Ector smote with herte good
To launcelot that ilke tyde;
Throughe helme in-to his hede it yode
That nighe loste he all his pride;
launcelot hytte on the hood
That his hors felle and he be-syde.
launcelot blyndis in his blode,
Oute of the feld full faste gan Ride;

Oute of the feld they Reden thoo
To a forest highe and hore.
Whan they come by them one two,
Off his helme he takis thore.
"Sir," he sayd, "me is full woo,
I drede that ye be hurte full sore."
"Nay," he sayd, "it is not so,
But fayne at Rest I wold we were."

"Sir, myne Aunte is here be-syde,
There we bothe were all nighte;
Were it youre wille thedir to Ride,
She wolle us helpe with all hyr might,
And send for lechis this ylke tyde,
youre woundis for to hele and dight;
And I my-self wille with you abyde
And be youre servante and youre knight.

To the castelle they toke the way,
To the lady fayre and hend;
She sent for lechis, as I you say,
That wonnyd bothe ferre and hend,
But by the morow that it was day
In bed he might hym-self not wend;
So sore woundyd there he lay
That well nighe had he sought his end.

Tho kinge arthur with mykell pride
Callid his knightis all hym by
And sayd a mounth he wold there byde
And in wynchester lye;
heraudis he dyd go and Ride
Another turnamente for to Crye;
"This knight wolle be here nere be-syde,
for he is woundyd bitterlye."

Whan the lettres made were
  The heraudis forth with them yede,
Throughe yngland for to fare,
  Another turnament for to bede;
Bade them buske and make them yare
  Alle that stiff were on stede.
Thus these lettris sent were
  To tho that doughty were of dede,

Tille on a tyme þat it be-felle
  An heraude comys by the way
And at the castelle a night gan dwelle
  There as launcelot woundyd lay,
And of the turnamente gon telle
  That shuld come on the sonday.
launcelot sighes wondyr stille
  And sayd: "allas and well-a-way!

Whan knightis wynne worship and pride,
  Som Auntre shall hold me a-way,
As a coward for to a-byde.
  This turnamente, for sothe to say,
for me is made this ylke tyde;
  Thoughe I shuld dye this ylke day,
Certis I shalle thedyr Ride."

The leche Aunswerd also sone
  And sayd: "syr, what haue ye thought?
Alle the Crafte that I haue done
  I wene it wille you helpe Right noght.
There is no man vndir the mone,
  By hym þat all this world hath wroght,
Might saue youre lyff to that tyme come
  That ye vpon your stede were brought!"

"Certis, though I dye this day,
  In my bedde I wolle not lye;
Yit had I levir do what I may
  Than here to dye thus cowardelye."
The leche anone than went his way
  And wold no lenger dwelle hym by;
his woundis seryved and stille he lay
  And in his bedde he swownyd thrye.

The lady wept as she were wode,
  Whan she sawe he dede wold be.
Therlis sonne with sory mode
  The leche agayne clepis he
And sayd: "thou shalt haue yiftis good,
  For-why þat thou wilte dwelle with me."
Craftely than staunchid he his blode
  And of good comforte bad hym be.

The heraude than wente on his way
  At morow whan the day was light
Also swithe as euyr he may
  To Wynchester that ylke night:
he salued the kinge, for soth to say —
  By hym satte syr Evwayne the knight —
And sithe he told upon his playe
  What he had herd and sene with sight:

"Off alle þat I haue sene with sight
  Wondir thought me nevir more
Thanne me dyd of a folyd knight
  That in his bed lay-woundid sore;
he myght not heve his hede vp-Right
  For alle the world haue wonne thare;
For Angwisshe þat he ne Ride myght
  Alle his woundis seryved were."

Sir Evwayne than spekis wordis fre
And to the kynge sayd he there:
"Certis, no cowarde knight is he;
Allas! that he nere hole and fere!
Welle I wote þat it is he
That we alle of vnhorsyd were.
the turnament is beste lette be,
For sothe that knight may not come there."

There turnement was than no more
But this departith alle the prese.
knightis toke there leve to fare,
Ichone his owne way hym chese.
To kamelot the kynge went there,
There as quene gaynore was;
he wente haue found launcelot thare;
A-way he was, with-outen lese.

Launcelot sore woundyd lay;
knightis sought hym full wyde.
Therle sonne night and day
Was alle-way hym be-syde;
Therle hym-self whan he ryde may
Brought hym home with mykell pride
And made hym bothe game & play
Tille he might bothe go and Ryde.

Boerte and lyonelle than sware,
and at the kinge there leve toke there,
Ageyne they wold come nevir mare
Till they wiste where launcelot were.
Ector went with them thare
To seche his brodyr þat hym was dere.
many a land they ganne through fare
And sought hym bothe ferre and nere,

Tille on a tyme þat it by-felle
  That they come by that ylke way,
And at the castelle at mete gan dwell,
  There as launcelott woundyd lay;
launcelot they saw, as I you telle
  Walke on the wallis hym to play;
On knees for Ioye all they felle,
  So blithe men they were that day.

Whan launcelott saw tho ylke thre
  That he in worlde louyd beste,
A merier metinge might no man se,
  And sithe he ledde them to Reste.
Therle hym-self, glad was he
  That he had gotten siche a geste;
So was the mayden feyre and fre
  That alle hyr loue on hym had keste.

Whan they were to soper dight,
  Bordis were sette and clothis spradde,
Therlis doughter and the knight
  To-gedir was sette, as he them badde,
Therlys sonnys þat bothe were wight
  to serue them were nevir sadde,
And therle hym-selfe with alle his myght
  To make them bothe blyth and glad.

Bot Boert, euyr in mynd he thoghte
  That launcelot had bene woundyd sore.
"Sir, were it your wille to hele it noght
  Bot telle where ye thus hurte were?"
"By hym þat alle this world hath wrought,"
  launcelot hym-self swore,
"The dynte shall be full dere bought,
  yif euyr we may mete vs more!"

Ector ne liked that no wight,
The wordis that he herd there ;
For sorow he loste both strength & might ;
The colours changid in his leyre.
Boerte than sayd these wordis Right :
"Ector, thou may make yvelle chere ;
For sothe it is no coward knight
That thou arte of I-manased here."

"Ector," he sayd, "where thou it were
That woundid me thus wondir sore?"
Ector aunswerd with symple chere :
"lord, I ne wiste þat ye it wore ;
A dynte of you I had there,
felyd I nevir none so sore."
Sir lyonelle by god þan swore
That "myne wolle sene be euyr more."

Sir Boerte than answerd as tyte
As knight þat wise was vndir wede :
"I hope þat none of vs was quite.
I had oon þat to ground I yede.
Sir, your brodyr shall ye not wite,
now knowes either others dede ;
now know ye how Ector can smyte
To helpe you whan ye haue nede."

launcelot loughe with herte fre
That Ector made so mekill Sitte :
"Brother, no thinge drede thou the,
For I shalle be bothe hole and quite.
Though thou haue sore woundid me,
There-of I shall the nevir wite ;
Bot euyr the better loue I the,
Such a dynte that thou can smyte."

Than vppon the thrid day
They toke there leve for to fare,
To the courte they wille away,
For he wille dwelle a while thare.
"Grete welle my lorde, I you pray,
And telle my lady how I fare,
And say I wylle come whan I may,
And byddith hyr longe no-thinge sare."

They toke there leve, with-outen lees,
And wightely wente vppon there way;
To the courte the way they chese,
There as the quene Genure lay.
The kinge to the foreste is
With knightis hym for to play;
Good space they had with-outen prese
There erand to the quene to say.

They knelyd downe by-fore the quene,
The knightis þat were wise of lere,
And sayd they had launcelot sene
And thre dayes with hym were,
And how þat he had woundyd bene,
And seke he had lye full sore.
"Or ought longe ye shall hym sene;
he bad you longe no thynge sore."

The quene loughe with herte fre
Whan she wiste he was on lyff.
"O, worthy god, what wele is me!
Why ne wiste my lord it also swithe!"
To the foreste rode these knightis thre,
To the kinge it to kithe;
Ihesu criste þan thankis he,
For was he nevir of word so blithe.

he klepyd Sir Gawayne hym nere
And sayd: "certis, that was he
That the rede armys bere;
Bot, now he lyffis, welle is me."
Gawayne answerd with myld chere,
As he that Ay was hend and fre:
"Was neuyr tithandis me so dere,
Bot sore me longis launcelot to se."

At the kinge and at the quene
Sir Gawayne toke his leve that tyde,
And sithe at alle the courte by-dene,
And buskis hym with mekyll pryde
Tille Ascalot, with-outen wene,
Also faste as he might Ryde;
Tille that he haue launcelot sene
Night ne day ne wolle he byde.

By that was launcelot hole and fere,
Buskis hym and makis all yare,
his leue hathe he take there.
The mayden wepte for sorow & Care:
"Sir, yif that youre willis were,
Sithe I of the ne may haue mare,
Som thinge ye wolde be-leue me here
To loke on whan me longith sare."

launcelot spake with herte fre,
For to comforte that lady hende:
"Myne Armure shall I leue with the
And in thy brothers wille I wend;
loke thou ne longe not after me
For here I may no lenger lend.
longe tyme ne shalle it noght be
That I ne shalle eyther come or send."

launcelot is Redy for to Ride
And on his way he went forth Right;
Sir Gaweyn come aftir on a tyde
And askis after suche a knighte;
They reseyved hym with grete pride,
A Riche soper there was dight,
And sayd, in herte is noght to hyde,
A-way he was for fourtenyght.

Sir Gaweyne gon that mayden take,
And satte hym by that swete wight,
And spake of launcelot de lake;
In alle the world nas suche a knight.
The mayden there of launcelot spake,
Said all hyr loue was on hym light,
"For his leman he hathe me take,
his Armure I you shewe mighte."

"Now, damysselle," he sayd Anone,
"And I Am glad þat it is so;
Suche a lemman as thou haste oon
In all this world ne be no mo;
There is no lady of flesshe ne bone
In this world so thryve or thro,
Thoughe hyr herte were stele or stone,
That might hyr loue hald hym fro.

But, damysselle, I be-seche the
his sheld that ye wold me shewe;
launcelottis yif that it be,
Be the coloures I it knew."
The mayden was bothe hend & fre,
And ledde hym to a chambyr newe;
launcelottis sheld she lette hym se,
And all his Armure forth she drewe.

hendely than syr Gawayne,
To the mayden there he spake:
"lady," he sayd, "withouten layne,
This is launcelottis sheld de lake,
Damesselle," he sayd, "I Am full fayne
That he the wold to lemman take,
And I with alle my myght and mayne
Wille be thy knight for his sake."

Gawayne thus spake with that swete wight
What his wille was for to say
Tille he was to bed I-dighte;
Aboute hym was gamme and play.
he toke his leue at erle and knight
On the morow whan it was day,
And sithen at the mayden brighte,
And forthe he wente vppon his way.

he nyste where þat he mighte
ne where that launcelot wold lend,
For whan he was oute of sight,
he was fulle yvelle for to fynd.
he takis hym the way Right,
And to the courte gon he wend;
Glad of hym was kyng and knight,
For he was bothe corteyse and hend.

Than it by-felle vppon a tyde,
The kinge stode by the quene & spake,
Sir gaweyne standis hym be-syde,
Ichone tille other there mone gan make
how longe they might with bale abyde
The comynge of launcelot du lake;
In the courte was litelle pryde,
So sore they sighyd for his sake.

"Certis, yif launcelot were on lyff,
So longe fro courte he nold not be."
Sir gawayne answerd also swithe:
"There-of no wondir thinkith me;
The feyrest lady that is on lyff
Tille his lemman chosen hath he;
Is noon of vs but wold be blithe
Suche a semely for to see."

The kinge Arthur was full blythe
Off that tithingis for to lere,
And askid syr Gawayne also swythe
What mayden that it were.
"Therlis doughter," he sayd as swithe,
"Off Ascolot, as ye may here,
There I was made glad & blithe.
his sheld the mayde shewid me there."

The quene than said wordis no mo,
Bot to hyr chambir sone she yede,
And downe vppon hyr bed felle so
That nighe of witte she wold wede.
"Allas!" she sayd, "and well-a-wo!
That euyr I Aught lyff in lede;
The beste body is loste me fro
That euyr in stoure by-strode stede."

ladyes that aboute hyr stode,
That wiste of hyr previte,
Bad hyr be of comforte gode,
lette no man suche semblant se.
A bed they made with sory mode,
There-in they brought that lady fre;
Euyr she wepte as she were wode,
Off hyr they had full grete pite.

So sore seke the quene lay,
Off sorow might she nevir lette,
Tille it felle vppon a day,
Sir lyonelle and Ector yede
In-to the foreste, them to play,
That floured was and braunchid swete,
And as they went by the way,
With launcelot gonne they mete.

What woundyr was though they were blith
Whan they there master saw with sight!
On knees they felle also swithe
And all they thankid god all-myght;
Ioye it was to se and lythe
The metynge of the noble knighte.
And sithe he freyned also swithe:
"how fares my lady brighte?"

Than answerd the knightis fre
And said that she was seke full sare:
"Grete doelle it is to here and se,
So mekylle she is in sorow and care;
The kinge, a sory man ys he
In courte for that ye come no mare;
Dede he wenys that ye be
And alle the courte both lasse & mare.

Sir, were it your wille with vs to fare,
For to speke with the quene,
Blithe I wote wele that she ware,
yif that she had you onys sene.
The kynge is mekille in sorow and care,
And so ys all the courte by-dene;
Dede they wene welle that ye Are
Frome courte for ye so longe haue bene."

he grauntis them at that ylke sythe
  home that he wille with them Ride;
There-fore the knightis were fulle blithe
  And busked them with mykelle pride
To the courte also swithe;
  Nyght ne day they nold abyde.
The kinge and alle the courte was blithe,
  The tydandis whan they herde þat tyde.

The kinge stode in a toure on highe,
  Be-sydes hym standis syr Gawayne;
launcelotte whan that they sighe,
  Were nevir men on mold so fayne.
They Ranne as swithe as euyr they might
  Oute at the gates hym Agayne;
Was nevir tidandis to them so light.
  The kinge hym kissyd and knight & swayne;

To a chamber the kynge hym lad;
  feyre in Armys they gon hym fold,
And sette hym on A Riche bedde
  That sprad was with a clothe of gold;
To serve hym was there no man sad
  Ne dight hym as hym-self wold
To make hym bothe blithe and glad;
  And sithe Auntres he them told.

Thre dayes in courte he dwellid there
  That he ne spake not with the quene:
So myche prees was Ay hym nere,
  The kyng hym lad and courte by-dene.
The lady, bright as blossom on brere,
  Sore she longid hym to sene;
Wepinge was hyr moste chere,
  Thoughe she ne durste hyr to no man mene.

Than it felle vppon a day,
The kinge gan on huntynge Ride
In-to the foreste hym to playe,
With his knightis be his syde;
launcelot longe in bed laye,
With the quene he thought to byde;
To the chamber he toke the way
And salues hyr with mekell pryde;

Friste he kissyd that lady shene
And salues hyr with herte fre,
And sithe the ladyes all by-dene,
For Ioye the teres Ranne on ther ble.
"Well-a-way!" than sayd the quene,
"launcelot, that I euyr the se!
The loue þat hathe be vs by-twene
That it shall thus departed be!

Allas! launcelot du lake,
Sithe thou hast all my hert in wold
Therlis doughter that thou wold take
Off ascalot, as men me told!
Now thou leviste for hyr sake
Alle thy dede of Armys bold,
I may wofully wepe and wake
In clay tylle I be clongyn cold.

But, launcelot, I be-seche the here,
Sithe it nedelyngis shalle be so,
That thou nevir more dyskere
The loue that hathe bene be-twyxe vs two,
Ne that she nevir be with the so dere
Dede of Armys þat thou be fro,
That I may of thy body here,
Sithe I shall thus be-leve in woo."

launcelot fulle stille than stode,
his herte was hevy as Any stone;
So sory he wexe in his mode,
For Routhe hym thought it all to-torne.
"Madame," he said, "for crosse and Rode,
What by-tokenyth all this mone?
By hym þat bought me with his blode,
Off these tydandes know I none;

But by these wordis thynkith me
A-way ye wold þat I ware;
Now haue good day, my lady fre,
For sothe thou seest me nevir mare."
Oute of the chambyr þan wendis he;
Now whethir his hert was full of Care!
The lady swownyd Sithes thre
Almost she slew hyr-selfe thare.

launcelot to his chambyr yede,
There his owne atyre in lay,
Armyd hym in a noble wede,
Thoughe in his hert were litell play;
Forthe he spronge as sparke of glede,
Withe sory chere, for sothe to say;
Vp he worthis vppon his stede
And to a foreste he wendis a-way.

Tithyngis come in-to the halle
That launcelot was vppon his stede;
Oute than Ranne the knightis alle,
Off there witte as they wold wede;
Boerte de Gawnes and lyonelle
And Ector that doughty was of dede
Folowyn hym on horsys snelle,
Fulle lowde gonne they blowe and grede.

There might no man hym ovir-take,
he Rode in-to a forest grene ;
Moche mone gonne they make
The knightis that were bold and kene.
"Allas!" they sayd, "launcelot du lake,
That euyr shuldistow se the quene!"
And hyr they cursyd for his sake
That euyr loue was them by-twene.

They ne wiste nevir where to fare
Ne to what land þat he wold ;
Ageyne they went with sighyng sare,
The knightis þat were kene & bold ;
The quene they found in swownyng thare,
hyr comely tresses all vnfold ;
They were so full of sorowe & Care
There was none hyr comfort wold.

The kynge than hastis hym for his sake
And home þan come that ylke day,
And asked after launcelot du lake,
And they sayd: "he is gone away."
The quene was in hyr bed all nakyd,
And sore seke in hyr chambyr lay,
So moche mone the kynge gon make,
There was no knight þat lust to playe.

The kinge klepis Gawayne þat day
And alle his sorow told hym tylle:
"Now ys launcelot gone A-way
And come, I wote, he nevir wille."
he sayd "allas and wellaway!"
Sighed sore and gaff hym ylle:
"The lord that we have lovid all-way,
In courte why nylle he nevir dwelle!"

Gawayn spekis in that tyde
And to the kynge sayd he there:
"Sir, in this castelle shall ye byde,
Comforte you and make good chere,
And we shall bothe go and Ride
In all landis ferre and nere;
So preuely he shall hym not hyde
Throughe happe that we ne shall of hym here."

Knyghtis than sought hym wide,
Off launcelot myght they not here,
Tylle it felle vppon a tyde,
quene Genure, bright as blossom on brere,
To mete is sette that ylke tyde,
And syr Gawayne satte hyr nere,
And vppon that other syde
A scottysshe knight þat was hyr dere.

A squyer in the courte hath thought,
That ylke day, yif that he myght,
With a poyson þat he hath wrought
To slae Gawayne, yif that he mighte;
In frute he hath it forthe brought
And sette by-fore the quene bright;
An Appille ouereste lay on lofte,
There the poyson was in dighte,

For he thoughte the lady bright
Wold the beste to Gawayne bede,
But she it yaff to the scottisshe knight,
For he was of an vnkouth stede,
There-of he ete a lytell wight,
Off tresoun toke there no man hede;
There he loste both mayne and might
And died sone, as I you Rede.

They nyste what it myght by-mene,
But vp hym sterte syr Gawayne,
And sithen all the courte by-dene,
And ouyr the bord they haue hym drayne.
"Wellaway!" than sayd the quene,
"Ihesu Criste! what may I sayne!
Certis, now will all men wene
My-self that I the knight haue slayne."

Triacle there was anone forth brought,
The quene wende to save his lyff,
But all that myght helpe hym noght,
For there the knight is dede as swithe;
So grete sorow the quene than wrought,
Grete doele it was to se and lythe;
"lord, suche syttes me haue sought!
Why ne may I nevir be blithe!"

Knyghtis done none other myght,
Bot beryed hym with doele I-noughe,
At a chapell with Riche lyghte,
In a foreste by a cloughe;
A Riche toumbe they dyd by dight,
A Crafty clerke the lettres droughe,
how there lay the shottysshe knyght
That quene Genure with poyson slough.

Aftyr thys a tyme by-felle,
To the courte ther come a knyght,
his brodyr he was, as I you telle,
And syr mador for sothe he highte;
he was an hardy man and snelle,
In turnamente and eke in fight,
And mykell louyd in Courte to duelle,
For he was man of myche myght.

Than it felle vppon a day,
  Sir mador wente with mekill pride
In-to the foreste, hym for to play,
  That floured was and braunchid wyde;
he found a chapell in his way,
  As he cam by a cloughis syde,
There his owne brodyr lay,
  And there at masse he thought to abyde.

A Riche toumbe he found there dight
  With lettres that were fayre I-noughe;
A while he stode and Redde it Right,
  Grete sorow than to his herte droughe,
he found the name of the scottysshe knight
  That quene Genure with poysoun sloughe;
There he loste bothe mayne and myght
  And ouyr the toumbe he felle in swoughe.

Off swownynge whan he myght awake,
  his herte was heuy as Any lede;
he sighed for his brothers sake,
  he ne wiste what was beste Rede;
The way to courte gan he take,
  Off no-thinge ne stode he drede;
A lovde Crye on the quene gonne make
  In chalengynge of his brothers dede.

The kynge fulle sore than gan hym drede,
  For he myght not be ageyne the Right;
The quene of witte wold nyghe wede.
  thoughe þat she agilte had no wight,
She moste there by-know the dede,
  Or fynde a man for hyr to fight;
For welle she wiste to deth she yede
  yif she were on a queste of knightis.

Thoughe Arthur were kynge þe land to weld,
he myght not be agayne the Righte;
A day he toke with spere and sheld
To fynd a man for hyr to fight,
That she shalle eyther to deth hyr yeld
Or putte hyr on a queste of knightis;
There-to bothe there handis vp-held
And trewly there trouthis plighte.

Whan they in Certeyne had sette a day
And that quarelle vndir-take,
The word sprange sone throw eche contrey
What sorow that quene genure ganne make;
So at the laste, shortely to say,
Word come to launcelot du lake,
There as he seke I-woundyd lay;
Men told hym holly all the wrake,

how that quene Genure the bright
had slayne with grete treasoun
A swithe noble scottishe knight
At the mete with stronge poysoun;
There-for a day was taken Right
That she should fynd a knight full bowne
For hyr sake for to fighte
Or ellis be brente with-oute Raunsowne.

Whan þat launcelot du lake
had herd holly all this fare,
Grete sorow gon he to hym take,
For the quene was in suche care,
And swore to venge hyr of that wrake
That day yif þat he lyvand ware;
Than payned he hym his sorows to slake
And wexe as breme as Any bare.

Now leve we launcelot there he was,
withe the ermyte in the forest grene,
And telle we forthe of the case
That touchith Arthur the kynge so kene.
Sir Gawayne on the morne to conselle he tase,
And mornyd sore for the quene,
In-to a toure than he hym has
And ordeyned the beste there them by-twene.

And as they in there talkynge stode,
To ordeyne how it beste myght be,
A feyre Ryuer vndyr the toure yode,
And sone there-in gonne they see
A lytelle bote of shappe full good
To theyme-ward with the streme gon te;
There myght none feyrer sayle on flode
Ne better forgid as of tree.

Whan kynge Arthur saw þat sighte,
he wondrid of the Riche apparrayle
That was aboute the bote I-dighte,
So Richely was it coueryd sanzfayle,
In maner of a voute with clothis I-dighte,
Alle shynand as gold as yt ganne sayle.
Than sayd Sir Gawayne the good knight:
"This bote is of A ryche entayle."

"For sothe, sir," sayd the kynge tho,
"Suche one sawgh I neuyr Are;
Thedir I Rede now þat we go;
Som aventures shalle we se thare;
And yif it be with-in dight so
As with-oute or gayer mare,
I darre sauely say therto,
By-gynne wille auntres or ought yare."

Oute of the toure adowne they wente,
The kynge arthur & sir Gawayne;
To the bote they yede with-oute stynte,
They two allone, for sothe to sayne;
And whan they come there as it lente,
They by-held it faste, is not to layne;
A clothe that ouer the bote was bente
Sir Gawayne lyfte vp, and went in bayne.

Whan they were in, with-outen lese,
Full Richely aRayed they it found,
And in the myddis a feyre bedde was
For Any kynge of Cristene lond.
Than as swithe, or they wold sese,
The koverlet lyfte they vp with hand;
A dede woman they sighe ther was,
The fayrest mayde þat myght be found.

To Sir Gawayne than sayd the kinge:
"For sothe dethe was to vn-hende,
Whan he wold thus fayre a thinge
Thus yonge oute of the world do wend;
For hyr biaute with-oute lesynge
I wold fayne wete of hyr kynd,
What she was, this swete derelynge,
And in hyr lyff where she gonne lend."

Sir Gawayne his eyen than on hyr caste
And by-held hyr fast with herte fre
So that he knew welle at the laste,
That the mayde of Ascalote was she,
Whiche he som tyme had wowyd faste
his owne leman for to be,
But she aunsweryd hym Ay in haste,
"To none bot launcelot wold she te."

To the kinge þan sayd sir Gawayne tho:
"Thinke ye not on this endris day,
Whan my lady the quene & we two
stode to-gedir in youre play,
Off a mayde I told you tho
That launcelot louyd paramoure Ay?"
"Gawayne, for sothe," the kynge sayd tho,
"Whan thou it saydiste wele thinke I may."

"For sothe, syr," þan sayd sir Gawayne,
"This is the mayd that I of spake;
most in this world, is not to layne,
She lovid launcelot du lake."
"For sothe," the kynge þan gon to sayne,
"me Rewith the deth of hyr for his sake;
The inchesoun wold I wete full fayne;
For sorow I trow deth gon hyr take."

Than sir Gawayne, the good knight,
Sought aboute hyr with-oute stynte,
And found a purs fulle Riche a-Righte,
With gold and perlis þat was I-bente;
All empty semyd it noght to sight.
That purs full sone in hond he hente,
A letter there-of than oute he twight:
Than wete they wold fayne what it mente;

What there was wreten wete they wold:
And sir Gawayn it toke the kynge
And bad hym open yt that he shold:
So dyd he sone with-oute lesynge;
Than found he whan it was vn-fold,
Bothe the ende and the by-gynnynge
(Thus was it wreten, as men me told)
Off that fayre maydens deynge:

"To kyng arthur and all his knightis
  That longe to the Rounde table,
That corteyse bene and most of myghtis,
  Doughty and noble, trew and stable,
And most worshipfull in all fyghtis,
  To the nedefull helpinge & profitable,
The mayde of Ascalot to Rightis
  Sendith gretinge, with-outen fable:

To you all my playnte I make
  Off the wronge that me is wroghte,
But noght in maner to vndir-take
  That Any of you shold mend it ought;
Bot onely I say for this sake,
  That, though this world were throw sought,
Men shold nowhere fynd your make,
  All noblisse to fynde that myght be sought;

There-fore to you to vndirstand
  That, for I trewly many a day
haue lovid lelyest in lond,
  Dethe hathe me fette of this world away;
To wete for whome yif ye will found,
  That I so longe for in langoure lay,
To say the sothe will I noght wound,
  For gaynes it not for to say nay;

To say you the sothe tale,
  For whome I haue suffred this woo,
I say deth hathe me take with bale
  For the noblest knight þat may go;
Is none so doughty dyntis to dale,
  So Ryalle ne so fayre ther-to;
But so churlysshe of maners in feld ne hale
  Ne know I none of frende ne fo;

Off foo ne frend, the sothe to say,
So vn-hend of thewis is ther none;
his gentillnesse was all a-way,
All churlysshe maners he had in wone;
For for no thinge þat I coude pray,
Knelynge ne wepinge with Rewfull mone,
To be my leman he sayd euyr nay
And sayd shortely he wold haue none.

For-thy, lordis, for his sake
I toke to herte grete sorow and Care,
So at the laste deth gonne me take,
So þat I might lyve na mare;
[1] For trew louynge had I suche wrake
And was of blysse I-browghte All bare;
All was for launcelote du lake,
To wete wisely for whom it ware."

When that arthure, the noble kyng,
had redde the letter and kene the name,
he said to gawayne, with-oute lesynge,
that launcelott was gretly to blame,
And had hym wonne a Reproovyng
For euyr and a wikkyd fame,
Sythe she deide for grete louyng,
that he her refusyd it may hym shame.

to the kyng than sayd syr gawayne:
"I gabbyd on hym thys ȝendyr day,
that he longede whan I gon sayne
With lady other with som othyr maye;
bot sothe than sayde ye, is not to layne,
that he nolde nought hys loue laye
In so low A place in vayne,
But on a pryse lady and a gaye."

[1] The second scribe begins at this line, see p. iii.

"Syr gawayne," sayd the kyng thoo,
"What is now thy best rede?
how mow we with thys maydyn do?"
Syr gawayne sayd: "so god me spede,
Iff that ye wille assent ther-to,
Worshippffully we shulle hyr lede
In-to the palys and bery her so,
As fallys A dukys doughter in dede."

ther-to the kyng Assentid sone;
Syr gawayne dyd men sone be ȝare,
And worshippfully, as fell to done,
In-to the palyse they her bare.
the kyng than tolde with-out lone
to All hys barons, lesse and mare,
how launcelot nolde noughte graunte hyr bone,
ther-fore she dyed for sorow and care.

to the quene than went syr gawayne
And gon to tell hyr All the case:
"For sothe, madame," he gon to sayne,
"I yelde me gyllty of A trespas.
I gabbyd on launcelot, is not to layne,
of that I tolde you in thys place;
I sayde that hys bydyng bayne
the dukys doughter of Ascolote was;

off ascalot that mayden ffre,
I sayd you she was hys leman;
that I so gabbyd it reweth me,
for All the sothe now telle I can;
he nold hyr nought, we mowe welle se:
For thy dede is that white as swanne;
thys lettere there-of waraunte wolle be;
She playnethe on launcelot to eche man."

the quene was as wrothe as wynde
And to syr gawayne sayd she than:
"For sothe, Syr, thou were to vnkynde
to gabbe so vppon any man,
but thou haddyst wist the sothe in mynde,
Whether that it were sothe ore nan;
thy curtessy was All be-hynde,
Whan thou thoo sawes freste began;

thy worshippe thou vn-dediste gretlyche,
Suche wronge to wite that good knyght;
I trowe he ne a-gulte the neuyr nought myche
Why that thou oughtiste with no Ryghte
to gabbe on hym so wylanlyche,
thus be-hynde hym, oute of hys syghte.
And, syr, thou ne woste not Ryght wiseliche
What harme hathe falle there-of and myght;

I wende thou haddiste be stable and trewe
And full of All curtessye,
bot now me thynke thy maners newe,
thay bene All tournyd to vilanye,
now thou on knyghtis makeste thy glewe
to lye vppon hem for envye;
Who that the worshippeth, it may hem rewe;
there-fore devoyede my companye."

Syr gawayne than slyghly wente awaye;
he syghe the quene agreuyd sore;
No more to hyr than wolde he saye
Bot trowyd hyr wrathe haue euyr more.
the quene than, as she nyghe wode were,
wryngyd hyr handys and said: "well-awaye!
Allas! in world that I was bore!
that I am a wreche welle say I may!

herte, Allas! why were thou wode
to trowe that launcelot du lake
were so falsse and fykelle of mode
A-nother lemman than the to take?
nay, sertes, for Alle thys worldis goode
he nolde to me haue wrought suche wrake."

[One leaf missing in MS. For convenience I have followed Dr. Bruce's numbering of lines in the EETS edition.]

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To fynde A man for hyr to feyghte
Or elles yeld her to be brente;
Iff she were on a queste of knyghtis,
Wele sche wiste she shold be shente;
Thoughe that she agilte hade no wight,
No lenger lyffe myght hyr be lente.

The kynge than sighed and gaffe hym ylle
And to syr gawayne than he yede,
To bors de gawnes and lyonelle,
To estor that doughty was in dede,
And askyd yif eny were in wille
To helpe hym in that mykyll nede.
The quene one knes be-fore hem felle,
That neyghe oute of hyr wite she yede.

The knyghtes answeryd with lytell pride,
her hertes was full of sorow and woughe,
Sayd: "all we saughe and satte besyde,
The knyght when she with poyson sloughe;
And sythe, in herte is nought to hyde,
Syr gawayne ouer the bord hym droughe;
A-gayne the Ryght we wille not Ryde,
We saw the sothe verely I-noughe."

The quene wepte and sighed sore,
To bors de gawnes went she thoo,
On knes by-fore hym fell she thore,
That nyghe her hert braste in two:
"lord bors," she seyde, "thyn ore!
To-day I shall to dethe goo,
Bot yiffe thy worthy wille wore
To brynge my lyffe oute of thys woo."

Bors de gawnes stille stode
And wrothe a-way hys yȝen wente.
"Madame," he sayde, "by crosse on rode
Thou art wele worthy to be brente;
The nobleste bodye of flesshe and blode
That euyr was yete in erthe lente
For thy wille and thy wykkyd mode
Out of oure companye is wente."

Than she wepte and gaffe hyr ille
And to syr gawayne than she yede,
On knes downe be-fore hym felle,
That neigh oute of hyr witte she yede;
"Mercy," she cryed loude and shrylle,
"Lord, as I no guilt haue of thys dede,
Yif it were thy worthy wille
To-day to helpe me in thys nede?"

Gawayne answeryd with litelle pride,
Hys hert was full of sorow and woughe:
"Dame, saw I not And-sat be-syde,
The knyght whan thou with poyson slougHe?
And sythe, in hert is not to hyde,
My-selfe ouer the bord hym droughe;
A-gayne the Ryght wille I not Ryde,
I sawghe the sothe verrye I-noughe."

Than she wente to lyonelle,
That euer had bene her owne knyght,
On knes downe be-fore hym felle
That neyghe she lost mayne and myght.
"Mercy," she cryed loude and shrylle,
"lord, As I ne haue gilte no wyght,
Yif it were thy worthy wylle
for my lyffe to take thys fyght?"

"Madame, how may thou to us take
And wote thy-selfe so wytterly
That thou hast launcelot du lake
Brought oute of ower companye?
We may syghe and monynge make
Whan we se knightis kene in crye;
Be hym thatt me to man gan shape
We ar glade that thou it a-bye!"

Than full sore she gan hyr drede,
Welle she wiste hyr lyffe was lorne;
Loude gon she wepe and grede
And estor kneles she be-forne.
"For hym that on the Rode gon sprede
And for vs bare the crone of thorne,
Estor, helpe now in thys nede,
Or, certes, to-day my lyfe is lorne!"

"Madame, how may thou to us take,
Or how sholde I for the feyght?
Take the now launcelot du lake
That euyr has bene thyn owne knyght;
My dere brother, for thy sake
I ne shall hym neuyr se with sight;
Cursyde be he that the batalle take
To saue thy lyffe a gayne the Ryghte!"

Ther wolde no man the batayle take,
  The quene wente to her chambyr soo,
So dulefully mone gon she make
  That nyghe hyr hert brast in twoo;
For Sorow gon she sheuer and quake
  And sayd: "Allas and wele-A-woo!
Why nade I now launcelot du lake!
  All the curte nolde me noght sloo.

yuelle haue I be-sette the dede
  That I haue worshipped so many a knyght,
And I haue no man in my nede[1]
  For my lyffe darre take a fight.
lord kynge of All thede!
  That all the worlde shall Rede and Ryght,
launcelot thou saue and hede.
  Sithe I ne shalle neuyr hym se with syght!"

The quene wepte and gaue hyr ylle;
  Whan she sawe the fyre was yare,
than mornyd she full stille;
  To bors de gawnys went sho thare,
By-sought hym, yif it were hys wille,
  To helpe hyr in hyr mekylle care;
In swounynge she be-fore hym felle,
  That wordys myght sho speke no mare.

Whan bors saw the quene so bryght,
  Of her he hade grete pyte;
In hys armys he helde her vpe-Ryght,
  Bade hyr of good comfort be:
"Madame, but there come a better knyght
  That wolde the bataile take for the,
I shalle my-selue for the fighte,
  Whyle any lyffe may laste in me."

[1] Line missing in MS. This is Dr. Furnivall's emendation.

Than was the quene wonder blythe
That bors de gawnys wolde for her feyght,
That nere for Ioye she swounyd swythe,
But as that he her helde vp-Ryght;
To hyr chambre he led hyr blythe,
To ladyes and to maydens bryght,
And bad she shulde it to no man kythe,
Tylle he were armyd and redy dyght.

Bors, that was bolde and kene,
Clepyd All hys other knyghtis,
And tokyn conselle hem be-twene,
The beste that thay couthe and myght,
how that he hathe hyght the quene,
That ilke day for hyr to feyght
A-yenste Syr mador full of tene,
To saue hyr lyfe yife that he myght.

The knyghtis answerd with wo and wrake,
And sayd they wyste wetterlye
That "she hathe launcelot du lake
Browght oute of ouere companye.
Nys non that nolde thys bataile take,
Er she hade any vylanye,
But we nylle not so glad hyr make
By-fore we ne suffre hyr to be sorye."

Bors and lionelle, the knyght,
Estor, that doughty was of dede,
To the forest than went thay Ryght,
There orysons at the chapelle to bede,
To oure lord god All full of myght
That day sholde lene hem wele to spede,
A grace to venquesshe the feyght;
Of syr mador thay hade grete drede.

As they came by the forest syde,
There orysons for to make,
The nobleste knyght than saue thay Ryde
That euer was in erthe shape;
hys loreme lemyd All with pride,
stede and armure All was blake;
hys name is noght to hele and hyde,
he hyght Syr launcelot du lake.

What wondyr was thoughe they were blythe,
Whan they ther mayster se with syght!
On knes Felle thay as swythe
And thankyd All to god All-myght;
Ioye it was to here and lythe
The metynge of the noble knyght;
And after he askid Also swythe:
"how now farys my lady bryght?"

Bors than tolde hym All the Ryght,
It was no lenger for to hyde,
How there dyed a scottysche knyght
Atte the mete the quene besyde:
"To-day, syr, is here dethe All dyght,
It may no lenger be to byde,
And I for hyr haue take the feyght;

Syr mador, stronge though that he be,
I hope he shall welle proue hys myght."
"To the courte now wende ye thre
And recoumforte my lady bryghte,
Bot loke ye speke no word of me,
I wolle come as A strange knyght."

launcelot that was mochelle of myght
  A-bydys in the forest grene;
To the courte wente these othyr knyghtis
  For to recomforte the quene,
To make hyr glade with All theyre myght;
  Grete Ioye they made hem by-twene;
For-why she ne sholde drede no wyght,
  Off goode comforte they bade her bene.

Bordes were sette and clothys sprede,
  The kyng hym-selfe is gone to sytte,
The quene is to the table lade,
  With chekys that were wanne and wete;
Off sorow were they neuyr vn-sad,
  Myght they neyther drynke ne ete;
The quene of dethe was sore A-drade,
  That grymly terys gone she lete.

And as thay were at the thryd mese,
  The kynge and All the courte be-dene,
Syr mador All redy was,
  With helme And shelde and haubarke shene;
A-monge hem All be-fore the dese
  He bloweth oute vppon the quene,
To haue hys Ryght with-outen lese,
  As were the covenantes hem by-twene.

The kyng lokyde one All hys knyghtis,
  Was he neuere yet so woo,
Saw he neuyr on hym dyght
  A-yenste Sir mador for to goo;
Syr mador swore by goddys myght,
  As he was man of herte thro,
Bot yif he hastely haue hys Ryght,
  A-monge hem All he sholde hyr slo.

Than spake the kynge of mekelle myght,
That Ay was cortayse and hende:
"Syr, lete vs ete, and sythen us dyght,
Thys day nys nought yit gone to the ende;
yet myght there come suche A knyght,
yif goddys wyll were hym to sende,
To fynde the thy fylle of fyghte,
Or the sonne to grounde wende."

Bors than loughe on lyonelle,
Wyste no man of here hertys worde:
hys chambyr A-none he wendys tylle
With-oute any othyr worde,
Armyd hym at All hys wille
With helme and haubarke, spere and sworde;
A-gayne than comys he full stylle
And sette hym downe to the borde.

The terys ranne on the kyngis kne
For loye that he sawe bors adyght;
Up he rose with herte free
And bors in armys clyppis Ryght,
And sayd: "bors, god for-yelde it the,
In thys nede that thow wolde fyghte:
Welle Acquyteste thou it me
That I haue worshipped any knyght."

Than as Syr mador loudeste spake,
The quene of treson to by-calle,
Comys syr launcelot du lake
Rydand Ryght into the halle;
hys stede and armure All was blake,
hys visere ouer hys yȝen falle;
Many A man by-gonne to quake:
A-drade of hym nyghe were they Alle.

Then spake the kynge, mykelle of myght,
That hend was in Iche A sythe:
"Syr, is it youre wille to lyghte,
Ete and drynke and make you blythe?"
launcelot spake as A strange knyght:
"Nay, syr," he sayd as swythe,
"I herde telle here of A fight:
I come to saue A ladyes lyue;

yeuell hathe the quene by-sette hyr dedys
That she hathe worsshippid many A knyght
And she hathe no man in her nedys
That for hyr lyfe dare take a fight.
Thou that hyr of treson gredys,
Hastely that thow be dyghte.
Oute of thy witte þoughe that thou wedis,
To-day thou shalt proue All thy myght."

Than was Syr mador Also blythe
As foule of day after the nyght;
To hys stede he wente that Sythe,
As man that was of moche myght;
To the felde than Ryde thay swythe,
hem folowes bothe kyng and knyght,
The bataile for to se and lythe.
Saugh nevir no man A stronger fyght;

Vn-horsid were bothe knyghtis kene,
They metten with so myche mayne,
And sythe thay faught with swerdys kene,
Bothe on fote, for sothe to sayne;
In Alle the batailles that launcelot had bene,
With hard acountres hym A-gayne,
In poynte had he nevir bene
So nyghe hande for to haue be slayne.

There was so wondyr stronge A fyghte,
O fote nolde nouther fle ne founde
frome loughe none tylle late nyght,
Bot gyffen many a wofull wounde.
launcelot than gaffe A dynte with myght,
Syr mador fallys at laste to grounde;
"Mercy," cryes that noble knyght,
Fore he was seke and sore vnsound.

Thoughe launcelot were breme as bore,
Full stournely he ganne vp stande;
O dynte wolde he smyte no more,
hys swerd he threwe oute of his hande.
Syr mador by god than sware;
"I haue foughte in many A lande,
With knyghtis bothe lesse and mare,
And neuyr yit er my mache I founde;

Bot, Syr, A prayer I wolde make,
For thynge that ye loue moste on lyfe
And for oure swete lady sake,
youer name that ye wolde me kythe."
launcelot gan hys viser vp take
And hendely hym shewed that sythe.
Whan he saughe launcelot du lake,
Was neuyr man on molde so blythe:

"lord," thane said he, "welle is me,
Myne Auauntement that I may make
That I haue stande on dynte of the
And foughten with launcelot du lake:
My brother's dethe for-geffen be
To the quene for thy sake."
launcelot hym kyste with herte fre
And in hys armys gan hym vp take.

Kynge Arthur than loude spake
A-monge hys knyghtis to the quene:
"ȝa, yonder is launcelot du lake,
Yiff I hym euyr with syght haue sene."
Thay Ryden and ronne than for hys sake,
The kynge and Alle hys knyghtis kene:
In hys armys he gon hym take,
The kynge hym kyste and courte by-dene.

Than was the quene glade I-noghe
Whan she saw launcelot du lake,
that nyghe for Ioy she felle in swoughe
Bot as the lordys hyr gan vp take.
The knyghtis All wepte and loughe,
For Ioye as thay to-gedyr spake;
Withe Syr mador, with-outen woughe,
Full some acordement gon they make.

It was no lenger for to A-byde
Bot to the castelle thay Rode as swythe,
Withe trompys and with mykelle pryde,
That Ioy it was to here and lythe;
Thoughe syr mador myght not go ne Ryde
To the curte is he brought that sythe,
And knyghtis vppon Iche A syde
To make hym bothe glad and blythe.

The squeers than were takyn Alle
And thay ar put in harde payne,
Whiche that seruyd in the halle,
Whan the knyght was with poyson slayne.
There he grauntyd A-monge hem Alle,
It myght no lenger be to layne,
How in an Appelle he dede the galle
And hadde it thought to syr gawayne.

Whan syr mador herde All the Ryght,
  That no gylte hadde the lady shene,
For sorowe he loste mayne and myghte
  And on knees felle be-fore the quene;
launcelot then hym helde vppe Ryghte
  For loue that was them be-twene;
Hym kyste bothe kynge and knyght
  And sythen All the curte by-dene.

The squyer than was done to shende,
  As it was bothe lawe and Ryght,
Drawen and hongyd and for-brende
  Be-fore syr mador, the noble knyghte.
In the castelle thay gan forthe lende,
  The Ioyus gard than was it hyghte;
launcelot that was so hende
  Thay honouryd hym with Alle ther myght.

A tyme be-felle, sothe to sayne,
  the knyghtis stode in chambyr and spake,
Bothe gaheriet and syr gawayne
  And mordreite that mykelle couthe of wrake:
"Allas!" than sayde syr A-grawayne,
  "How fals men schalle we vs make!
And how longe shalle we hele and layne
  The treson of launcelote du lake!

Wele we wote, with-outen wene,
  The kynge arthur oure eme sholde be
And launcelote lyes by the quene;
  A-geyne the kynge traytor is he;
And that wote All the curte by-dene,
  And Iche day it here and see;
To the kynge we shulde it mene,
  Yif ye wille do by the counselle of me."

" Wele wote we," sayd syr gawayne,
'That we ar of the kyngis kynne,
And launcelot is so mykyll of mayne
That suche wordys were better blynne.
Welle wote thou, brothyr agrawayne,
There-of shulde we bot harmys wynne;
yit were it better to hele and layne
Than werre and wrake thus to be-gynne.

Welle wote thou, brother agrawayne,
launcelot is hardy knyght and thro;
kynge and courte hade ofte bene slayne,
Nad he bene better than we mo;
And sythen myght I neuyr sayne
The loue that has bene by-twene vs twoo;
launcelot shalle I neuyr be-trayne
By-hynde hys bake to be hys foo.

launcelot is kynges sonne full good,
And therto hardy knyght and bolde,
And sythen and hym ned by-stode,
Many A lande wolde with hym holde;
Shedde ther sholde be mykelle blode
For thys tale, yiffe it were tolde;
Syr Agrawayne he were full wode
That suche a thynge be-gynne wolde."

Than thus gatys as the knyghtis stode,
Gawayne and All that other pres,
In come the kynge with mylde mode;
Gawayne than sayd: " felaus, pees."
The kynge for wrathe was neghe wode
For to wette what it was;
Aggrawayne swore by crosse And Rode:
" I shalle it you telle with-oute lees."

Gawayne to hys chambyr wente,
  Off thys tale nolde he noght here;
Gaheriet and gaheryes of hys A-sente
  Withe here brother went they there;
Welle they wyste that All was shente
  And syr gawayne by god than swere:
"here now is made A comsemente
  That bethe not fynysshyd many A yere."

Syr Agrawayne tolde Alle be-dene
  To the kynge with symple chere,
How "launcelot liggys by the quene,
  And so has done full many A yere,
And that wote All the courte by-dene
  And Iche day it se and here,
And we haue false and treytours bene
  That we ne wolde neuyr to you dyskere."

"Allas!" than sayd the kynge thore,
  "Certes, that were grete pyte,
So As man nad neuyr hit more
  Off biaute ne of bounte
Ne man in worlde was neuyr yit ore
  Off so mykylle noblyte.
Allas! full grete duelle it were
  In hym shulde Any treson be;

But sythe it is so, with-outen fayle,
  Syr Agrawayne, so god the Rede,
What were now thy beste consayle
  For to take hym with the dede?
he is man of suche Apparayle,
  Off hym I haue full mychelle drede;
All the courte nolde hym Assayle
  Yiff he were Armyd vppon hys stede."

"Syr, ye and All the courte by-dene
Wendythe to-morowe on huntynge Ryght,
And sythen send word to the quene
That ye wille dwelle with-oute All nyght,
And I and other xii knyghtes kene
Full preuely we shall vs dyght;
We shalle hym haue with-outen wene,
To-morow or Any day by lyght."

On the morow with All the courte by-dene
The kynge gonne on huntynge Ryde,
And sythen he sent word to the quene
That he wolde All nyght oute A-byde.
Aggrawayne with xii knyghtys kene
Atte home be-lefte that ilke tyde;
Off Alle the day they were not sene,
So prewely thay gonne hem hyde.

Tho was the quene wondyr blythe
That the kynge wolde at the foreste dwelle;
To launcelot she sente as swythe
And bad that he shulde come her tille.
Syr bors de gawnes be-ganne to lythe,
Thoughe hys herte lyked ille;
"Syr," he said, "I wolde you kythe
A word, yif that it were your wille:

Syr, to-nyght I rede ye dwelle;
I drede ther be som treson dight
Withe Agrawayne, that is so felle,
That waites you bothe day and nyght;
Off Alle that ye haue gonne hyr tylle
Ne greuyd me neuyr yit no wight
Ne neuyr yit gaffe myn herte to ille
So mykelle as it dothe to-nyght."

"Bors," he sayd, "holde stylle:
Suche wordys ar noughte to kythe;
I wille wende my lady tille,
Som new tythandes for to lythe;
I ne shall noght bote wete hyr wylle,
loke ye make youe glad and blythe;
Certenly I nelle nought dwelle
Bot come A-gayne to youe All swythe."

For-why he wende haue comynne sone,
For to dwelle had he not thought,
Non Armore he dyde hym vppon
Bot A Robe All sengle wrought;
In hys hand A swerd he fone,
Off tresson dred he hym Ryght noght;
There was no man vndyr the mone
he wende with harme durste hym haffe sought.

Whan he come to the lady shene,
he kissid and clypped that swete wyght;
For sothe, they neuyr wolde wene
That any treson was ther dyght;
So mykylle loue was hem by-twene
That they noght de-parte Myght;
To bede he gothe with the quene
And there he thoughte to dwelle Alle nyght.

he was not buskyd in hys bedde,
launcelot in the quenys boure,
Come Agrawayne and syr mordreit
With xii knyghtys stiffe in stowre;
Launcelot of tresson they be-gredde,
Callyd hym fals and kyngys treytoure,
And he so strongly was by-stedde
There inne he hadde non Armoure.

"Welaway!" than sayd the quene,
"launcelot, what shall worthe of vs twoo!
The loue that hathe bene vs be-twene
To suche endynge that it sholde goo!
Withe Agrawayne that is so kene,
That nyght And day hathe bene oure foo,
Now I wote, with-outen wene,
That Alle oure wele is tornyd to woo."

"Lady," he sayd, "thow moste blynne;
Wyde I wote these wordis bethe Ryffe;
Bot is here any Armoure inne,
That I may haue to saue my lyffe?"
"Certis, nay," she sayd thenne,
"Thys Antoure is so wondyr stryffe
That I ne may to none Armoure wynne,
Helme ne hauberke, swerd ne knyffe."

Euyr Agrawayne and syr mordred
Callyd hym Recreante fals knyght,
Bad hym Ryse oute of hys bedde,
For he moste nedis with them fyght;
In hys Robe than he hym cled,
Thoughe he none Armoure gete myght;
Wrothely oute hys swerd he gredde,
The chamber dore he sette vp Ryght.

An Armyd knyght be-fore in wente,
And wende launcelot wele to sloo,
Bot launcelot gaffe hym soche A dynte
That to the grounde gonne he go;
The other all agayne than stente;
Aftyr hym dorste folowe no moo;
To the chambyr dore he sprente
And claspid it with barres twoo.

The knyght that launcelot has slayne.
Hys Armoure founde he fayre and bryght:
Hastely he hathe hem ofdrayne
And therin hym-selfe dight.
"Now, know thou wele, syr Agrawayne,
Thow presons me no more to-Nyght."
Oute than sprange he with mykell mayn,
Hym-selfe a-yenste hem alle to fyght.

Launcelot than smote with herte goode,
Wete ye welle, with-outen lese;
Syr Agrawayne to dethe yode,
And sythen All the other presse;
Was non so stronge that hym with-stode
Be he had made A lytelle Rese;
Bot mordreit fled as he were wode,
To saue hys lyff full fayne he was.

Launcelot to hys chambre yode,
To bors and to hys other knyghtis;
Bors Armyd be-fore hym stode,
To bedde yit was he noȝt dight;
The knyghtis for fere was nye wode,
So were they drechyd all that nyght,
Bot blythe wexid they in her mode
Whan they her mastyr sawghe with syght.

"Syr," sayd bors, the hardy knyght,
"Aftyr you haue we thoght full longe,
To bedde durste I ne noȝt dight,
For drede ye hade som Aunter stronge;
Owre knyghtis haue be drechyd to-nyght,
That som nakyd oute of bed spronge,
For-thy we were full sore a-fryght
Leste som treson were vs Amonge."

"Ya, bors, drede the no wight,
Bot bethe of herte good and bolde,
And swythe A-waken vp All my knyghtis
And loke whiche wille with vs holde;
Loke they be Armyd and redy dight,
For it is sothe that thou me tolde,
We haue be-gonne thys ilke nyght
That shall brynge many A man full colde."

Bors than spake with drery mode:
"Syr," he sayd, "sithe it is so,
We shalle be of hertis good
Aftyr the wele to take the wo."
The knyghtis sprent as they were wode
And to there harneise gon the go;
At the morow Armyd be-fore hym stode
An hundrethe knyghtis and squyers mo.

Whan they were armyd and redy dight,
A softe pas forth gonne they Ride,
As men that were of mykelle myght,
To A forest there be-syde;
Launcelot Arrayes All hys knyghtis
And there they loggen hem to byde
Tylle they herd of the lady bryght,
What Auntere of hyr shulde be-tyde.

Mordreit than toke A way full gayne,
And to the forest wente he Right,
Hys Auntures tolde, for sothe to sayne,
That were by-fallyn that ylke nyght.
"Mordreit, haue ye that treitour slayne,
Or how haue ye with hym dight?"
"Nay, syr, bot dede is aggrawayne,
And so Ar All oure other knyghtis."

Whan it herde syr gawayne,
That was so hardy knyght and bolde,
"Allas! is my brother slayne?"
Sore hys herte be-gan to colde;
"I warnyd wele syr Aggrawayne,
Or euyr yit thys tale was tolde,
Launcelot was so myche of mayne,
A-yenste hym was stronge to holde."

It was no lenger for to byde,
Kynge And All hys knyghtis kene
Toke there counselle in that tyde,
What was beste do with the quene.
It was no lenger for to byde,
That day for-brent shuld she bene.

The fyre than made they in the felde,
There-to they brought that lady fre,
All that euyr myght wepene welde
A-boute her Armyd for to bee.
Gawayne, that stiffe was vndir shelde,
Gaheryet ne gaheryes ne wold noȝt see;
In there chamber they hem helde;
Off hyr they had grete pyte.

The kynge Arthure that ylke tyde
Gawayne And gaherys for sent;
here Answeres were noȝt for to hyde,
They ne wolde noȝt be of hys assente;
Gawayne wolde neuyr be nere by-syde
There Any woman shuld be brente;
Galieriet And gaheries with lytelle pryde,
All vn-Armyd thedyr they wente.

A squeer gonne tho tythandes lythe,
That launcelot to courte had sente;
To the foreste he wente as swithe
There launcelot and hys folke was lente,
Bad hem come and haste blythe,
The quene is ledde to be brente;
And they to hors and Armes swythe
And Iche one be-fore other sprente.

The quene by the fyre stode,
And in hyr smoke All redy was;
lordyngis was there many and good
And grete power, with-outen lese.
Launcelot sprente, as he were wode,
Full sone partyd he the prees,
Was none so styffe a-ȝeynste hym stode,
Be he had made a lytelle Rese.

There was no stele stode hem aȝeyne;
Though faught they but A lytelle stound,
Lordyngys that were myche of mayne
Many goode were brought to grounde;
Gaheriet and gaheries bothe were slayne,
Wythe many A doulfull dethes wounde;
The quene thay toke with-oute layne,
And to the foreste gonne they founde.

The tythyngis is to the kynge brought,
how launcelote has tane away the quene.
"Suche wo as there is wroughte!
Slayne ar Alle oure knightis kene."
Downe he felle and swounyd ofte,
Grete duelle it was to here and sene;
So nere hys herte the sorowe soughte
All-moste hys lyffe wolde no man wene;

"Ihesu cryste! what may I sayne?
In erthe was neuyr man so wo;
Suche knyghtys as there ar slayne
In All thys worlde there is no mo.
Lette no man telle Syr gawayne,
Gaheriet hys brother is dede hym fro,
But weilaway! the reufulle Rayne,
That euyr launcelote was my fo!"

Gawayne gonne in his chambyr hym holde,
Off All the daye he nolde not oute goo;
A squyer than the tythandys tolde
What wondyr theighe hys herte were wo!
"Allas!" he sayde, "my brother bolde,
Where gahereit be dede me fro?"
So sore hys hert be-gan to colde
All-moste he wolde hym-selff sloo.

The squyer spake with drery mode,
To re-comfort syr Gawayne:
"Gaheriet eyles noght bot goode;
he wolle sone come A-gayne."
Gawayne sprent as he were wode
To the chambre there they lay slayne;
The chambre flore Alle ranne on blode,
And clothys of golde were ouer hem drayne.

A clothe he heuys than vppon hyght;
What wondyr thoughe hys hert were sore
So dulfully to se them dight
That ere so doughty knyghtis were!
Whan he hys brother sawghe with syght,
A word myght he speke no more;
There he loste mayne and myght
And ouyr hym felle in swounynge thore.

Off swounynge whan he myght A-wake,
The hardy knyght, syr gawayne,
Be god he sware and loude spake,
As man that myche was of mayne:
"Be-twixte me And launcelote du lake
Nys man in erthe, for sothe to sayne,
Shall trewes sette and pees make,
Er outher of vs haue other slayne."

A squyer that launcelot to court hadde sente
Off the tythandys gonne he lythe;
To the foreste is he wente
And tolde launcelot Also swythe,
how lordynges that were Riche of rente
Fele goode had loste hyr lyffe,
Gaheryet and gaheries sought here ende;
Bot than was launcelot no-thynge blythe;

"Lord," he said, "what may thys bene?
Ihesu cryste! what may I sayne?
The loue that hathe be-twexte vs bene,
That euyr gaheryet me was A-gayne!
Now I wote for All by-dene,
A sorye man Is syr gawayne;
A-cordement thar me nevyr wene,
Tille eyther of vs haue other slayne."

launcelot gonne with hysse folke forthe wende,
With sory hert and drery mode;
To quenys and countesses fele he sende
And grete ladyes of gentill blode,
That he had ofte here landis deffende
And foughten whan hem nede by-stode.
Ichone her power hym lende,
And made hys party stiffe and goode.

quenys and countesses that Ryche were
  Sende hym erlys with grete meyne;
Other ladies that myght no more
  Sente hym barons or knyghtis free;
So mykelle folke to hym gon fare,
  Hydous it was hys oste to see;
To the Ioyus gard wente he thare
  And helde hym in that stronge Cyte.

Launcelotis herte was full sore
  For the lady fayre and bryght;
A damosselle he dyd be yare,
  In Ryche Apparayle was she dyght.
Hastely in message for to fare
  To the kynge of mykelle myght,
To prove it fals (what myght he mare?)
  Bot proferys hym there-fore to fyght.

The mayden is Redy for to Ryde,
  In A full Ryche Aparaylmente,
Off Samytte grene, with mykyll pryde,
  That wroght was in the oryente;
A dwerffe shulde wende by hyr syde,
  Suche was launcelotis comaundement;
So were the manerys in that tyde,
  Whan A mayde on message wente.

To the castelle whan she come,
  In the paleise gonne she lyght;
To the kynge hyr erande she sayd sone,
  By hym satte syr gawayne the knyght,
Sayd that lyes were sayde hym vppon;
  Trewe they were by day and nyght;
To proue it as a knyght shulde done
  Launcelot proferis hym to fyghte.

The kynge Arthure spekys thore
Wordys that were kene and thro:
"He ne myght proue it neuer more
Bot of my men that he wold slo;
Be Ihesu cryste," the kynge sware,
And Syr gawayne than Also,
"his dedis shall be bought full sore,
Bot yife no stele nyll in hym go."

The mayden hathe hyr answere,
To the Ioyus garde gonne she Ryde;
Such as the kynges wordis were
She told launcelot in that tyde;
Launcelot Syghed wounder sore,
Teres frome hys yȝen ganne glyde;
Bors de gawnes by gode than sware:
"In mydde the felde we shall hem byde."

Arthure wolde no lenger a-byde
Bot hastis hym with All hys myght;
Messengeres dyd he go and Ryde,
That thay ne shulde lette for day ne nyght,
Thorow-oute yngland by Iche a syde
To erle, baroun and to knyght,
Bad hem come that ilke tyde
Withe hors stronge And Armure bryght.

Thoughe the knyght that were dede hem fro,
There-of was All there mykelle kare,
Thre hundrethe thay made mo,
Oute of the castelle or they wold fare,
Off ynglonde And yreland Also,
Off walys and scottis that beste were,
Launcelot And hys folkys to slo,
With hertis breme as Any bore.

Whan thys oste was All bowne,
It was no lenger for to byde,
Rayses spere and gounfanoune,
As men that were of mykelle pryde;
With helme and shelde and hauberke browne,
Gawayne hym-selfe be-fore ganne Ryde
To the Ioyus garde that Ryche towne,
And sette A sege on Iche A syde.

A-boute the Ioyus garde they laye
Seuentene wokys And well mare,
Tille it felle vppon A day
launcelot home bad hem fare:
"Breke youre sege! wendys a-waye!
You to slae grete pyte it ware."
He sayd "Allas and weilawaye!
That euyr beganne this sorewe sare!"

Evir the kynge and Sir gawayne
Calde hym fals Recreante knyght,
And sayde he had hys bretherne slayne
And treytour was by day and nyght,
Bad hym come And proue hys mayne
In the felde with hem to fyghte.
Launcelot sighed, for sothe to sayne,
Grete duelle it was to se with sight.

So loude they launcelot gonne Ascrye
With vois and hydous hornys bere,
Bors de gawnes standis hym by
And launcelot makys yuelle chere.
"Syr," he sayd, "whare-fore and why
Shulde we these proude wordys here?
me thynke ye fare as cowardlye
As we ne durste no man nyghe nere.

Dight we vs in Ryche Araye,
Bothe with spere And with shelde,
As swithe as euyr that we maye,
And Ryde we oute in-to the felde;
Whyle my lyffe laste maye,
Thys day I ne shall my wepen yelde;
There-fore my lyffe I darre wele laye
We two shall make hem All to helde."

"Allas!" quod launcelot, "wo is me,
That euyr shuld I se with syghte
A-ȝeyne my lord for to be,
The noble kynge that made me knyght!
Syr gawayne, I be-Seche the,
As thou arte man of myche myght,
In the felde let not my lorde be
Ne that thy-selfe with me not fyghte."

It may no lenger for to byde
But buskyd hem and made All bowne;
Whan thay were Redy for to Ryde,
They Reysed spere and gonfanoune;
Whan these ostes gan samen glyde,
Withe vois and hydous hornys sowne,
Grete pyte was on eyther syde,
So fele goode ther were layd downe.

Syr lyonelle with myche mayne
Withe A spere by-fore gan founde;
Syr gawayne Rydys hym A-gayne,
hors and man he bare to grounde,
That All men wende he had ben slayne,
Syr lyonelle hade suche A wounde;
Oute of the felde was he drayne,
For he was seke and sore vn-sounde.

In All the felde that ilke tyde
 Myght no man stonde launcelot a-ȝeyne,
And sythen as faste As he myght Ryde
 To saue that no man sholde be slayne.
The kynge was euyr nere be-Syde
 And hewe on hym with All hys mayne,
And he so corteise was that tyde
 O dynte that he nolde smyte a-gayne.

Bors de gawnes saughe at laste
 And to the kynge than gan he Ryde,
And on hys helme he hytte so faste
 That nere he loste All hys pryde;
The stede Rigge vndyr hym braste
 That he to grounde felle that tyde,
And sythen wordys loude he caste,
 Wythe Syr launcelot to chyde:

"Syr, shalthou All day Suffer so
 That the kynge shall the assayle,
And sethe hys herte is so thro
 Thy corteise may not A-vaile?
Batailles shall there neuere be mo,
 And thou wilt do be my consalle;
Ȝeuyth vs leue them All to slo,
 For thou haste venquesshid thys bataille."

"Allas!" quod launcelot, "wo is me,
 That euyr shulde I se with syghte
By-fore me hym vnhorsyd bee,
 The noble kynge that made me knyght!"
he was than so corteise and fre
 That downe of hys stede he lyghte;
The kynge ther-on than horsys he
 And bade hym fle, yiffe that he myght.

Whan the kynge was horsyd there,
  Launcelot lokys he vppon,
How corteise was in hym more
  Then euyr was Any man;
He thought on thyngis that had bene ore,
  The teres from hys yȝen Ranne;
He Sayde "Allas!" with syghynge sore,
  "That euyr yit thys werre be-gan!"

The parties arne with-drawen A-waye,
  Off knyghtis were they wexyn thynne;
On morow on that other daye
  Scholde the bataille efte begynne;
Thay dyght hem on A Ryche Araye
  And partyd ther ostes bothe in twynne;
he that by-ganne thys wrechyd playe,
  What wondyr thoughe he had grete synne!

Bors was breme as Any bore,
  And oute he rode to syr gawayne;
For lyonelle was woundyd sore,
  Wenge hys brother he wolde full fayne;
Syr gawayne gonne A-ȝeyne hym fare,
  As man that myche was of mayne;
Eyther throughe other body bare,
  That welle nere were they bothe slayne;

Bothe to grounde they Felle in fere,
  There-fore were fele folke full woo.
The kynges party Redy were
  A-way to take hem bothe two;
launcelot hym-selfe come nere,
  Bors rescous he them froo;
Oute of the felde men hym bere,
  So were they woundyd bothe two.

Off thys bataille were to telle,
A man that it wele vndyrstode,
How knyghtis vndyr sadels felle
And sytten downe with sory mode;
Stedys that were bolde and snelle
A-monge hem waden in the blode,
Bot by the tyme of euyn belle
Launcelot party the better stode.

Off thys batayle was no more,
Bot thus departen they that daye;
Folke here Frendys home ledde and bare
That slayne in the feldys laye.
Launcelot gonne to hys castelle fare,
The bataille venquesshyd, for Sothe to saye;
There was duell and wepynge sare,
Amonge hem was no chyldys playe.

Into all landys northe and southe
Off thys werre the word spronge,
And yit at Rome it was full couthe,
In ynglande was suche sorowe stronge;
There-of the pope had grete Routhe,
A lettre he selid with hys hande;
Bot they accorded welle in trowthe,
Enterdite he wolde the lande.

Then was A bischope at Rome,
Off Rowchester, with-outen lese;
Tylle ynglande he, the message, Come,
To karllylle ther the kynge was;
The popis lettre oute he nome
In the paleis by-fore the desse,
And bade them do the popis dome
And holde yngland in Reste and pes.

Redde was it by-fore All by-dene,
The lettre that the pope gonne make,
How he moste haue a-ȝeyne the quene
And a-corde withe launcelot du lake;
Make a pes hem by-twene
For euyr more and trews make,
Or ynglande entyrdyted shulde bene
And torne to sorow for ther sake.

The kynge a-ȝeyne it wolde noȝte bene,
To do the popys comaundemente,
Blythely A-yeyne to haue the quene;
Wolde he noght that ynglonde were shente;
Bot gawayne was of herte so kene
That to hym wolde he neuyr Assente
To make A-corde hem by-twene,
While Any lyffe were in hym lente.

Through the sente of All by-dene
Ganne the kynge A lettre make;
The bysschope in message yede by-twene
To syr launcelot du lake,
And Askyd yiffe he wolde the quene
Cortessly to hym by-take,
Or yngland enterdyt shuld bene
And torne to sorow for ther sake.

launcelot Answeryed with grete fauoure,
As knyght that hardy was and kene:
"Syr, I haue stande in many A stoure,
Bothe for the kynge and for the quene;
Full colde had bene hys beste towre,
Yiff that I nadde my-selfe bene;
he quytes it me with lytelle honoure,
That I haue seruyd hym All by-dene."

The bysschope spake with-oute fayle,
Thoughe he were nothynge A-froughte:
"Syr, thynke that ye haue venquysshid many A bataille
Throwgh grace that god hathe for you wrought;
ye shalle do now by my counsayle:
Thynke on hym that you dere bought;
Wemen Ar frele of hyr entayle;
Sir, lettes not ynglande go to noght."

"Syr bysshope, castelles for to holde
Wete you wele I haue no nede.
I myght be kynge, yif that I wolde,
Off All benwike, that Ryche thede,
Ryde in-to my landys bolde
Withe my knyghtes styffe on stede.
The quene, yif that I to them yolde,
Off her lyffe I haue grette drede."

"Syr, be mary that is mayden floure,
And god that All shall rede and Ryght,
She ne shall haue no dyshonoure,
There-to my trouthe I shall you plyght,
Bot boldely brought in-to hyr boure,
To ladyes and to maydens bryght,
And holden in welle more honoure
Than euyr she was by day or nyght."

"Now, yif I grande suche a thynge,
That I delyuere shall the quene,
Syr bysshope, say my lorde, the kynge,
Syr gawayne and hem All by-dene,
That thay shall make me A sekerynge
A trews to holde vs by-twene."

Then was the bysshope woundyr blythe
That launcelot gaffe hym thys Answere;
Tylle hys palfray he wente as swythe
And tylle karllyle gonne he fare;
Tythandys sone were done to lythe
Whiche that launcelotis wordis ware;
The kynge and courte was All full blythe,
A trews they sette and sekeryd thare;

Through the Assent of All by-dene
A syker trews there they wrought;
Though gawayne were of herte kene,
There-a-yenste was he noȝte,
To hald A trews hem by-twene,
While launcelot the quene home broght;
Bot cordemente thar hym neuyr wene,
Or eyther other herte haue sought.

A syker trews gonne they make,
And with ther seales they it bande;
There-to they thre bisshopys gon take,
The wiseste that were in All the lande,
And sent to launcelot du lake;
At Ioyus gard they hym fande;
The lettres there they hym by-take
And there-to launcelot held hys hande.

The bisshopis than went on her way
To karlyll there the kynge wase;
Launcelot shall come that other day
Withe the lady proude in pres.
he dight hym In a Ryche Araye,
Wete ye wele, with-outen les;
An hundreth knyghtis, for sothe to saye
The beste of All hys oste he chese.

Launcelot and the quene were cledde
  In Robes of A Riche wede,
Off Samyte white, with syluer shredde,
  yuory sadyll and white stede,
Saumbues of the same threde,
  That wroght was in the heythen thede;
launcelot hyr brydelle ledde,
  In the Romans as we Rede;

The other knyghtis euerychone
  In Samyte grene of heythen lande
And in there kyrtelles Ryde Allone,
  And Iche knyght a grene garlande,
Sadillis sette with Ryche stone,
  Ichone A braunche of olyffe in hande,
All the felde A-boute hem schone:
  The knyghtis Rode full loude synghand.

To the castelle when they come
  In the paleise gonne they lyghte;
Launcelot the quene of hir palfray nome,
  They Seyde it was A semly syghte;
The kynge than salowes he full sone,
  As man that was of myche myghte;
Feyre wordys were there fone,
  Bot wepynge stode there many A knyghte.

Launcelot spake, as I you mene,
  To the kynge of mykelle myght:
"Syr, I haue the broght thy quene
  And sauyd hyr lyffe with the Ryght,
As lady that is feyre and shene
  And trewe is bothe day and nyght;
Iffe Any man sayes she is noght clene,
  I profre me there-fore to feyght."

The kynge Arthur Answerys thore
Wordys that were kene and throo:
"Launcelot, I ne wende neuyr more
That thow wolde me haue wroght thys woo;
So dere as we samen were,
There-vndyr that thou was my foo;
Bot noght for-thy me Rewis sore
That euer was werre by-twexte vs two."

LAuncelot than Answeryde he,
Whan he had lystenyd longe:
"Syr, thy wo thow witeste me
And welle thou woste it is with wronge;
I was neuyr fer frome the,
When thow had Any sorow stronge;
Bot lyers lystenes thow to lye,
Off whome All thys word oute spronge."

Than by-spake hym Syr gawayne,
That was hardy knyght and free:
"launcelot, thou may it noght with-sayne
That thow haste slayne my brethrene thre;
For-thy schall we proue oure mayne
In feld whether shall haue the gree;
Or eyther of vs shall other slayne
Blythe shall I neuyr be."

Launcelot Answeryd with hert sore,
Thoughe he were nothynge A-froughte:
"Gawayne," he said, "thoughe I were there,
My-selfe thy brethren slow I noght;
Other knyghtis fele ther were
That sythen thys werre dere han bought."
launcelot syghed wonder sore,
The terys of hys yen sowght.

launcelot spake, as I you mene,
To the kynge and syr gawayne:
"Syr, shall I neuyr of cordemente wene
That we myght frendys be A-ȝeyne?"
Gawayne spake with herte kene,
As man that myche was of mayne:
"Nay, cordement thar the neuyr wene
Tylle on of vs haue other slayne."

"Sythe it neuyr may be-tyde
That pees may be vs by-twene,
May I in-to my landys Ryde
Saffely with my knyghtis kene?
Than wille I here no lenger byde,
Bot take leue off yow All by-dene;
Where I wende in worlde wyde,
Engelond wolle I neuyr sene."

The kynge arthur Answered thore,
The terys from hys yȝen Ranne:
"By Ihesu cryste!" he there swore,
"That All thys worlde wroght and wan,
In-to thy lands whan thou willt fare,
The shall lette no lyuand man."
He sayd "Allas!" withe syghynge sare,
"That euyr yit thys werre by-ganne!

Sythe that I shall wende A-waye
And in myn Awne landys wone,
May I saffly wone ther aye,
That ye wythe werre not come me on?"
Syr gawayne than sayd: "naye,
By hym that made sonne and mone,
Dight the as welle as euyr thou may,
For we shall After come full sone."

launcelot hys leue hathe taken thare,
It was no lenger for to byde ;
hys palfray found he Redy ȝare,
Made hym Redy for to Ryde ;
Oute of the castelle gonne they fare,
Gremly teres lette they glyde ;
There was dwelle and wepynge sare,
At the partynge was lytelle pryde.

To the Ioyus gard, the Ryche towne,
Rode launcelot, the noble knyghte ;
Busked hem and made A bowne,
As men that were of myche myght,
Withe spere in hand and gonfanowne
(lette they nouther day ne nyght)
To An hauen hight kelyon ;
Ryche galleys there they fande dyght.

Now ar thay shyppyd on the flode,
launcelot And hys knyghtis hende ;
Wederes had they feyre and goode
Wher hyr wille was for to wende,
To An hauen there it stode
As men were leuste for to lende ;
Off benwike blythe was hyr mode,
Whan Ihesu cryst hem thedir sende.

Now ar thay Aryued on the stronde,
Off hem was fele folke full blythe ;
Grete lordis of the lande,
A-ȝeyne hym they come as swythe,
And fellyn hym to fote and hande ;
For her lord thay gonne hym kythe,
At hys domys for to stande,
And at hys lawes for to lythe.

Bors made he kynge of gawnes,
  As it was bothe law and Ryght;
lyonelle made kynge of fraunce,
  Be olde tyme gawle hyghte;
All hys folke he ganne Auance
  And landys gaffe to Iche A knyghte,
And storyd hys castellys for All chance,
  For mykyll he hopyd more to fyght.

Estor he crownys with hys hande,
  So sayes the boke with-outen lese,
made hym kynge of hys fadyr lande
  And prynce of All the Ryche prese;
Bad no thynge hym shulde with-stande,
  Bot hald hym kynge as worthy was,
For ther no more hym-self wold fande
  Tylle he wiste to leffe in pes.

Arthure wolle he no lenger A-byde,
  nyght and day hys herte was sore;
messengerys did he go And Ryde
  Throughe-oute yngland for to fare
To erlys And barons on Iche A syde,
  Bad hem buske and make All ȝare,
On launcelot landys for to Ryde,
  To brenne and sle and make All bare.

At hys knyghtis All by-dene
  The kynge gan hys conselle take,
And bad hem ordeyne hem by-twene
  Who beste steward were for to make,
The Reme for to saue and ȝeme,
  And beste were for bretaynes sake;
Full mykelle they dred hem All by-dene
  That Alyens the land wold take.

The knyghtis answeryd, with-oute lese,
And said, for sothe, that so them thought
That syr mordred the sekereste was,
Thoughe men the Reme throw-oute sought,
To saue the Reme in trews and pees.
Was A boke by-fore hym brought;
Syr mordreit they to steward chese;
That many A bolde sythen A-bought.

It was no lenger for to byde,
But buskes hem And made All bowne;
Whan they were Redy for to Ryde,
They Reised spere and gonfanowne;
Forthe they went with mykelle pryde
Tylle An hauyne hyght kerlyonne,
And graythes be the lande syde
Galeis grete of fele fasowne.

now are they shippid on the see
And wendyn ouyr the water wyde;
Off benwyke whan they myght se,
Withe grete Route they gonne vp Ryde;
with-stode hem neyther stone ne tre,
Bot brente and slow on Iche A syde;
launcelot is in hys beste Cyte,
There he batelle wolle A-byde.

launcelot clepis hys knyghtis kene,
His erlys And hys barons bolde,
Bad hem ordeyne hem by-twene,
To wete her wylle, what they wolde,
To Ryde A-ȝeyne hem All by dene
Or ther worthe walles holde;
For well they wiste, with-outen wene,
For no fantyse Arthur nold folde.

Bors de gawnes, the noble knyght,
stornnely spekys in that stounde:
"Doughty men that ye be dyghte,
Foundis your worship for to fownd,
Withe spere and shelde and armes bryght
A-ȝeyne your fo-men for to fownd;
Kynge and duke, erle and knyght,
We shall hem bete And brynge to grounde."

Lyonelle spekys in that tyde,
That was of warre wyse And bolde:
"Lordyngis, yet I rede we byde
And oure worthy walles holde;
Let them pryke with All ther pryde
Tylle they haue Caught bothe hungre and colde;
Than shall we oute vppon them Ryde
And shredde them downe as shepe in folde."

Syr banndemagew, that bolde kynge,
To launcelot spekys in that tyde:
"Syr, cortessye And your sufferynge
Has wakend vs wo full wyde;
Awise you welle vppon thys thynge:
Yiff that they ouer oure landys Ryde,
All to noght they myght vs brynge,
Whyle we in holys here vs hyde."

Galyhud, that Ay was goode,
To launcelot he spekys thare:
"Syr, here ar knyghtis of kynges blode
That longe wylle not droupe And dare;
Gyffe me leue, for crosse on Rode,
Withe my men to them to fare;
Thoughe they be wers than outlawes wode,
I shall them sle and make full bare."

Off northe gales were bretherne seuen,
Ferly mekelle of strenghe and pryde;
Not full fele that men coude neuyne
Better dorste in bataile byde;
All they sayd with one steuen:
"Lordyngis, how longe wolle ye chyde?
Launcelot, for goddys loue in heuen,
With galehud forthe lette vs Ryde."

Than spake the lorde that was so hende,
Hym-Self, syr launcelot de lake:
"Lordyngis, A whyle I rede we lende
And oure worthy wallys wake;
A message wille I to them sende,
A trews be-twene vs for to take;
my lorde is so corteise and hende
That yit I hope A pees to make;

Thoughe we myght the worshyppe wynne,
Off A thynge myn hert is sore:
Thys land is of folke full thynne,
Bataylles has it made full bare;
Wete ye welle it were grete synne
Crysten folke to sle thus more;
Withe myldenesse we shall be-gynne
And god shall wische vs wele to fare."

And at thys Assent All they ware,
And Sette A waeche for to wake
knyghtis breme as Any bare
And derfe of drede as is the drake;
A Damyselle thay dede be ȝare
And hastely gon her lettres make;
A mayde sholde on the message fare
A trews by-twene them for to take.

The mayde was full shene to shewe,
  Vppon her stede whan she was sette,
Hyr paraylle All of one hewe,
  Off A grene weluette,
In hyr hand A braunche newe,
  For-why that no man sholde her lette;
Ther-by men messangerys knewe
  In ostes whan that men them mette.

The kynge was lokyd in A felde
  By A ryuer brode And dreghe;
A while she houyd And by-helde;
  Pavylons were pyghte on hyghe;
She saughe there many comly telde
  Wythe pomelles bryghte as goldis beghe;
On one hynge the kyngis shelde,
  That pauylon she drew hyr nyghe.

The kynges baner oute was sette,
  That pauylon she drewe her nere;
With A knyght full sone she mette,
  hyght Syr lucan de bottelere;
She hailsed hym and he her grette,
  The mayde with full mylde chere;
hyr erande was not for to lette,
  he wiste she was A messengere.

Sir lucan downe gan hyr take
  And in hys Armes forthe gan lede;
hendely to her he spake,
  As knyght that wise was vndyr wede;
"Thou comeste from launcelot de lake,
  The beste that euyr strode on stede;
Ihesu, for hys modyris sake,
  Yiffe the grace wele to spede!"

Feyre was pight vppon a playne
  The paviloun in Ryche A-parayle;
The kynge hym-selfe and syr gawayne
  Comely sytten in the halle;
The mayde knelyd the kynge A-gayne,
  So lowe to grounde gan she falle;
here lettres were not for to layne,
  They were I-rade A-monge hem All.

hendly and feyre the mayden spake,
  Full fayne of speche she wold be sped:
"Syr, god yow saue from wo And wrake
  And All your knyghtis in Ryche wede;
Yow gretis wele, syr launcelot du lake,
  That with yow hathe bene euyr at nede;
A xii monthe trewse he wolde take
  To lyue vppon hys owne lede,

And sythen, yiffe ye make an heste,
  he wille it holde with hys honde,
By-twene you for to make pees
  Stabully euer for to stonde;
He wolle Rape hym on A Resse
  Myldely to the holy londe,
There to lyue, with-outen lese,
  Whyle he is man lyvande."

The kynge than clepid hys counsayle,
  Hys douȝty knyghtis All by-dene:
Fyrste he sayde, with-outen fayle:
  "me thynke it were beste to sene;
he were A fole, with-outen fayle,
  So feyr forwardys for to fleme."
The kynge the messyngere thus did assayle:
  "It were pite to sette warre vs by-twene."

"Sertis, nay," sayd syr gawayne,
"he hathe wrogt me wo I-noughe,
So traytourly he hathe my bredren slayne,
All for your loue, sir, that is treuthe,
To yngland will I not torne A-gayne
Tylle he be hangid on a boughe:
Whyle me lastethe myght or mayne,
There-to I shall fynd peple I-noghe."

The kynge hym-self, with-outen lese,
And Iche A lord, is nought to layne,
All they spake to haue pese,
But hym-self, syr gawayne,
To batayle hathe he made hys hest
Or ellys neuer to torne A-gayne.
They made hem Redy to that Rese,
There-fore was fele folke vnfayne.

The kynge is comyn in-to the halle
And in hys Royall see hym sette;
He made A knyght the mayden calle,
Syr lucane de botteler, with-outen lette:
"Say to launcelot and hys knyghtis All,
suche an heste I haue hym hette,
That we shall wend for no walle
Tyll we with myghtis onys haue mette."

The mayde had hyr Answere,
Withe drery hert she gan hyr dyght;
hyr feyr palfrey fande she yare,
And Syr lucan ledde hyr thedyr Ryght;
So throw A foreste gan she fare
And hasted her with All hyr myght,
There launcelot and hys knyghtis were,
In benwyk the browgh with bemys bryght.

Now is she went with-in the walle,
The worthy damysselle fayre in wede ;
Hendely she Cam in-to that halle,
A knyght hyr toke downe of hyre stede ;
A-monge the pryncis proude in palle
She toke hyr lettres for to Rede ;
There was no counsayle for to calle,
But Redely buskis them to that dede ;

As folkys that preste were to feight,
Frome feld wold they neuyr fle ;
But by the morow that daye was lyght
A-boute by-segyd was All there Fee ;
ychone theym Rayed in All Ryghtis ;
novther party thought to flee.

Erly as the day gan sprynge,
The trompettis vppon the wallis went ;
There myght they se a wondyr thynge,
Off teldys Ryche and many A tente.
Syr arthur than, the comely kynge,
with hys folkis ther was lente,
To yeff Assaute, with-oute lesyng,
with Alblasters and bowes bente.

Launcelot All for-wondred was
Off the folke by-fore the walle ;
But he had rather knowen that rease,
Oute had ronne hys knyghtis All ;
he sayd : " pryncis, bethe in pease,
For folyse fele that myght by-falle ;
yiff thay will not ther sege sease,
Full sore I hope for-thynke hem shall."

Than gawayne, that was good at euery nede,
Graythid hym in his gode Armour,
And styffly sterte vppon A stede
That syker was in ylke A stoure;
Forthe he sprange as sparke on glede,
By-fore the yates a-gayne the toure;
he bad A knyght come kythe mayne,
A cours of werre for hys honoure.

Bors de gawnes buskys hym bowne
Vpon A stede that shuld hym bere,
With helme, sheld, And hauberke browne,
And in hys hand A Full good spere;
Owte he Rode A grete Randowne;
Gawayn kyd he covde of werre;
hors and man bothe bare he downe,
Suche A dynte he yaffe hym there.

Syr lyonelle was All redy than
And for hys broder was wonder woo;
Redely with hys stede oute Ranne
And wende gawayne for to sloo.
Gawayn hym kepte as he wele can,
As he that ay was kene and thro;
Downe he bare bothe hors and man,
And euery day som seruyd he soo.

And so more than halfe a yere,
As longe as they there layne,
Euery day men myght se there
Men woundyd and som slayne.
But how that euer in world it were,
Suche grace had sir gawayne,
Euer he passyd hole and clere;
There myght no man stand hym Agayne.

Than it by-Felle vponn A tyde,
  Syr gawayne, that was hende and free,
He made hym redy for to Ryde
  By-fore the gatis of the Cyte;
Launcelot of treson he be-Cryed
  That he had slayne hys bretherne thre,
That launcelot myȝte no lenger A-byde,
  But he euer A cowarde scholde be.

The lord that grete was of honoure,
  Hym-selffe, sir launcelot du lake,
A-bove the gatis vppon the toure
  Comely to the kynge he spake:
"My lord, god saue youre honoure!
  Me ys wo now for yowre sake,
A-gaynste thy kynne to stonde in stoure,
  But nedys I muste thys batayle take."

Launcelot armyd hym full wele,
  For sothe had Full grete nede,
Helme, hawberke and All of stele
  And stifely sterte vppon A stede;
Hys harneyse lacked he neuer A dele,
  To were wantyd hym no wede,
No wepyn with All to dele;
  for-the he sprange as sparke on glede.

Than was it warnyd faste on hye
  How in world that it shuld fare,
That no man schold come hem nye
  Tylle the tone dede or yolden were.
Folke with-drew them than bye,
  Vpon the feld was brode and bare;
The knyghtis mette, As men it sye,
  how they sette there dyntis sare.

Than had syr gawayne suche a grace,
An holy man had boddyn that bone,
Whan he were in Any place,
There he shuld batayle done,
Hys strength shulld wex in suche A space,
From the vndyr-tyme tylle none,
And launcelot for-bare ay for that case;
A-gayne xx strokys he yaff not one:

Launcelot saw ther was no socoure,
nedysse muste he hys venture Abyde;
many A dynt he gan wele in-dure
Tylle it drew nere the noon tyde;
Than he straught in that stoure
And yaffe gawayne A wond wyde;
The blode All coueryd hys coloure
And he felle downe vpon hys syde.

Throw the helme in-to the hede
Was hardy gawayne woundyd so
That vnneth was hym lyfe leuyd;
On fote myght ho no ferther goo;
But wightly hys swerd A-bowte he wavyd,
For euer he was bothe kene and thro.
launcelot than hym lyAnd levyd;
For All the world he nold hym slo.

launcelot than hym drew on dryhe;
hys swerd was in hys hand drawen;
And syr gawayne cryed lowde on hye:
"Traytour And coward, come A-gayne,
Whan I Am hole And goynge on hye:
Than wylle I prove with myght and mayne,
And yit A thow woldyst nyghe me nye,
Thow shalt wele wete I am not slayn."

"Gawayne, while thow myghtis styfflye stonde,
many A stroke to-day of the I stode,
And I for-bare the in euery londe
For love and for the kyngis blode;
Whan thou arte hole in herte and hond,
I rede the torne and chaunge thy mode;
Whyle I am launcelot and man levande,
Gode sheld me frome werkys wode!

But have good day, my lord the kynge,
And your doughty knyghtis Alle;
Wendyth home A leue youre werryeng;
ye wynne no worshyp at thys walle;
And I wold my knyghtis oute brynge,
I wote full sore rewe it ye shalle;
My lord, there-fore, thynke on suche thynge,
how fele folke there-fore myght falle."

launcelot, that was moche of mayne,
Boldely to hys Cyte wente;
Hys good kny;tis there-of were fayne
And hendely hym in armys hente.
The tother party tho toke syr gawayne,
They wessche hys woundys in hys tente;
Or euer he coueryd myght or mayne,
vnnethe was hym the lyffe lente.

A fortenyght, the sothe to saye,
Full passynge seke and vn-sonde
There syr Gawayne on lechynge laye,
Or he were hole All of hys wounde.
Than it by-felle vppon A day,
he made hym Redy for to wound;
By-fore the yat he toke the way
And Askyd batayle in that stownd:

"Come forthe, launcelot, and prove thy mayne,
Thou traytour that hast treson wroght;
my thre brethern thou haste slayne
And falsly theym to grounde brought;
Whyle me lastethe myght or mayne,
Thys qarell leve wyll I noght,
Ne pees shall ther neuer be sayne
Or thy sydes be throw sought."

Than launcelot thoght it no thyng gode
And for these wordis he was full wo;
A-bove the gatis than he yode
And to the kynge he sayd so:
"Syr, me rewys in my mode
That gawayne is in hert so thro.
Who may me wyte, for corsse on Rode,
Thouȝth I hym in bataylle sloo?"

Launcelot buskyd And made hym bowne,
he will boldely the batayle A-byde,
With helme, shelde, And hauberke browne,
None better in All thys worlde wyde,
With spere in hand and gonfanowne,
hys noble swerd by hys syde;
Oute he Rode A grete randowne,
Whan he was Redy for to Ryde.

Gawayne grypes a full good spere
And in he glydes glad and gay;
Launcelot kydde he coude of were
And euyn to hym he-takys the way;
So stoutely they gan to-geder bere
That marvayle it was, sothe to say;
With dyntis sore gamne they dere
And depe wondys daltyn thay.

Whan it was nyghed nere-hand none,
Gawayne strengthe gan to in-crese;
So bitterly he hewyd hym vppon
That launcelot All for-wery was;
Than to hys swerd he grypes A-none,
And sethe that gawayne wyll not sese,
Suche A dynte he yaffe hym one
That many a Ryche Rewed that resse.

launcelot sterte forthe in that stownde,
And sethe that gawayne will no sease,
The helme that was Ryche and Rownde
The noble swerde rove that rease;
he hyt hym A-pon the olde wounde
That ouer the sadyll downe he wente
And grysely gronyd vpon the ground,
And there was good gawayne shent.

yit gawayne swounynge there as he lay
Gryped to hym bothe swerde And sheld;
"launcelot," he sayd, "sothely to saye,
And by hym that All thys world shall welde,
Whyle me lastethe lyffe to-daye,
To the me shall I neuer yeld;
But do the werste that euyr thou may,
I schall defend me in the felde."

Launcelot than full styll stoode,
As man that was moche of myght:
"Gawayne, me rewes in my mode,
Men hald the so noble A knyght.
Wenystow I were so wode
Agaynste A feble man to fyght?
I wyll not now, by crosse on Rode,
Nor neuer yit dyd by day nor nyght.

But haue good day, my lord the kynge,
And All youre douȝty knyghtis by-dene,
Wendyth home and leue your werrynge,
For here ye shall no worshyppe wynne.
yif I wolde my knyghtis oute brynge,
I hope full sone it shuld be sene,
but, good lord, thynke vppon A thynge,
The loue that hathe be vs by-twene."

After was it monthes two,
As frely folke it vndyr-stode,
Or euer gawayne myght Ryde or go
Or had fote vpon erthe to stonde,
The iij tyme he was full thro
To do batayle with herte and hande,
But than was word comen hem to
That they muste home to yngland.

Suche mesage was hem brought,
There was no man that thought it goode;
The kynge hym-selfe full sone it thought
(Full moche mornyd he in hys mode
That suche treson in ynglond shuld be wroght)
That he moste nedys ouer the flode.
They brake sege and homward sought,
And After they had moche Angry mode.

That fals traytour, sir mordreid —
The kynges soster sone he was.
And eke hys owne sonne, As I rede, —
There-fore men hym for steward chase —
So falsely hathe he yngland ledde,
Wete yow wele, with-outen lese,
Hys Eme-is wyffe wolde he wedde,
That many A man rewyd that rease.

Festys made he, many and fele,
And grete yiftys he yafe Also;
They sayd with hym was Ioye and wele
And in Arthurs tyme but sorow and woo;
And thus gan Ryght to wronge goo;
All the concelle, is noght to hele,
Thus it was, with-outen moo,
To hold mordred in londe with wele.

False lettres he made be wroght,
And causyd messangers hem to brynge,
That Arthur was to grownde broght,
And chese they muste A-nother kynge.
All thay sayd as hem thought:
"Arthur louyd noght but warynge
And suche thynge as hym-selfe soght.
Ryght so he toke hys endynge."

mordred let crye A parlement;
The peple gan thedyr to come,
And holly throwe there assente
They made mordred kynge with crowne;
At canturbery, ferre in kente,
A Fourtenyght held the feste in towne,
And after that to Wynchester he wente;
A Ryche brydale he lette make bowne;

In somyr, whan it was fayr and bryght,
Hys faders wyfe than wold he wedde
And hyr hold with mayne and myght,
And so hyr brynge as byrd to bedde.
Sche prayd hym of leue A fourtenyght —
The lady was full hard be-stad —
So to london sche hyr dyght,
That she and hyr maydens myght be cledd.

The quene, whyte as lyly floure,
With knyghtis fele of her kynne,
She went to london to the towre
And speryd the gates And dwellyd therin.
Mordred changed than hys coloure,
Thedyr he went and wold not blynne;
There-to he made many A shoure,
But the wallys myght he neuer wynne.

The Archebysshop of canterbery thedyr yode,
And hys crosse by-fore hym broght.
he sayd: "syr, for cryste on Rode,
What haue ye now All in your thoght?
Thy faders wyffe, whether thou be wood,
To wedd her now mayste thou noght.
Come Arthur euyr ouer the flood,
Thow mayste be bold: it wyll be boght."

"A nyse clerke," than mordred sayd,
"Trowiste thow to warne me of my wille?
be hym that for vs suffred payne,
These wordys shalt thou lyke full ylle!
with wilde hors thou shalt be drayne
And hangyd hye vpon An hylle."
The bischoppe to fle than was fayne
And suffred hym hys folyes to fulfylle;

Than he hym cursyd with boke And belle,
At caunterbery, ferre in kente.
Sone, whan mordred herd ther-of telle,
To seche the bisshope hathe he sent;
The bysshop durste no lenger dwelle
But gold And syluer he hathe hent;
There was no lenger for to spelle,
But to A wyldernesse he is went;

The worldys wele ther he wyll for-sake,
Off Ioye kepeth he neuer more,
But A chapelle he lette make
By-twene two hye holtys hore;
There-in weryd he the clothys blake,
In wode as he an ermyte ware;
Often gan he wepe and wake
For yngland that had suche sorowis sare.

Mordred had than lyen full longe,
But the towre myght he neuer wynne,
With strength ne with stoure stronge,
ne with none other kynnes gynne;
Hys fader dred he euyr A-monge,
There-fore hys bale he nylle not blynne;
He went to warne hem, All with wronge,
The kyngdome that he was crownyd inne.

Forthe to dover þan gan he Ryde,
All the costys wele he kende;
To erlys And to barons on ylk A syde
Grete yiftis he gaffe And lettres send,
And for-sette the see on ylke A syde
With bold men And bowes bente;
Fro yngland, that is brode And wyde,
hys owne fader he wold deffend.

Arthur, that was mykelle of myght,
With hys folke come over the flode,
An C galeyse that were welle dyght
With barons bold And hye of blode;
he wende to haue landyd, as it was Ryght,
At Dower, ther hym thoght full gode,
And ther he fande many An hardy knyght
That styffe in stoure A-gaynste hym stode.

Arthur sone hathe take the land
That hym was leveste in to lende:
hys fele fomen that he ther found,
he wende by-fore had bene hys frend.
The kynge was wrothe And weliney wode,
And with hys men he gan vp wend;
So strong A stoure was vpon that stronde
That many A man ther had hys end.

Syr gawayne armyd hym in that stounde;
Allas! to longe hys hede was bare;
he was seke And sore vnsond;
hys woundis greuyd hym full sare;
One hytte hym vpon the olde wounde
With A tronchon of An ore;
There is goode gawayne gone to grounde,
That speche spake he neuyr more.

Bold men, with bowes bentte,
Boldely vp in botes yode,
And Ryche hauberkis they Ryve and Rente,
that Throw-owte braste the Rede blode;
Grounden gleyves throw hem wente:
Tho games thoght theym nothynge gode;
But by that strong stoure was stente,
The stronge stremys Ran All on blode.

Arthur was so moche of myght,
Was ther none that hym with-stode;
He hewyd vppon ther helmes bryght,
That throw ther brestes Ran the blode;
By than that endyd was the fight,
The false were feld, som wer fledde
To canterbery All that nyght,
To warne ther master, syr mordred.

Mordred than made hym bowne
And boldely he wylle batayle A-byde,
With helme, scheld, And hauberke browne;
So All hys Rowte gan forthe Ryde;
They hem mette vppon barendowne,
Full erly in the morowe tyde;
With gleyves grete And gonfanowne
Grymly they gan to-gedyr Ryde;

Arthur was of Ryche A-Raye
And hornys blew lowde on hyght,
And mordred comyth glad and gay,
As traytour that was false in fyght.
Thay faught All that longe day
Tyll the nyght was nyghed nyghe;
Who had it sene wele myght saye
That suche A stoure neuer he syghe.

Arthur than faught with hert good —
A nobler knyght was neuer noon;
Throw helmes in-to hede yt yoode
And steryd knyghtis bothe blode And bone.
mordred for wrathe was nye wode,
Callyd hys folke And sayd to hem "One!
Releve yow, for crosse on Rode!
Alas! thys day so sone is goone!"

Fele men lyeth on bankys bare
With bryght brondys throw-owte borne;
Many A doughty man dede was thar,
And many A lord hys lyfe hathe lorne;
mordred was full of sorowe And care;
At canterbery was he vppon the morne;
And Arthur All nyght he dwellyd thare,
Hys frely folke lay hym by-forne.

Erely on the morow tyde
  Arthur bad hys hornys blowe,
And callyd folke on euery syde,
  And many A dede beryed on A rowe,
In pittes that was depe And wyde;
  On Iche An hepe they layd hem lowe,
So All that ouer gone And Ryde
  Som by there markys men myght knowe.

Arthur went to hys dyner thane —
  hys frely folke hym folowed faste —
But whan he fand syr gawayne
  In A shyppe laye dede by A maste,
Or euyr he coveryd myght or mayne,
  An C tymes hys hert nyghe braste.

Thay layd syr gawayne vpon A bere
  And to the castell they hym bare,
And in A chapell A-mydde the quere
  That bold baron they beryed thare.
Arthur than changyd All hys chere;
  What wondyr thoghe hys hert was sare!
hys suster sone, that was hym dere,
  Off hym shold he here neuyr mare.

Syr Arthur, he wolde no lenger A-byde;
  Than had he All maner of euyll Reste;
He sought aye forthe the southe syde
  And toward walys wente he weste;
At salusbury he thought to byde,
  At that tyme he thought was beste,
And calle to hym by Whytesontyde
  Barons bold to batayle preste.

Vnto hym came many A doughty knyght,
For wyde in worlde theyse wordys sprange,
That syr Arthur hade All the Ryght,
And mordred warred on hym with wronge.
Hydowse it was to se with syght,
Arthur-is oste was brode And longe,
And mordred that was mykell of myght
With grete gyftes made hym stronge.

Sone After the feste of the trynyte
Was A batayle by-twene hem sette,
That A sterne batayle ther shuld be;
For no lede wold they it lette;
And syr Arthur makethe game And glee
For myrth that they shuld be mette;
And syr mordred cam to the contre,
With fele folke that ferre was fette.

At nyght whan Arthur was brought in bedd —
He shuld haue batayle vppon the morow —
In stronge sweuenys he was by-stedde,
That many A man that day shuld haue sorow;
hym thowht he satte in gold All gledde,
As he was comely kynge with crowne,
vpon A whele that full wyde spredd,
And All hys knyghtis to hym bowne.

The whele was ferly Ryche And Rownd,
In world was neuyr none halfe so hye;
There-on he satte Rychely crownyd
With many A besaunte broche And be;
he lokyd downe vpon the grownd,
A blake water ther vndyr hym he see,
With dragons fele there lay vn-bownde,
That no man durst hem nyghe nyee.

he was wondyr ferd to falle
A-monge the fendys ther that faught;
The whele ouer-tornyd ther with-All
And eueryche by A lymme hym caught.
The kynge gan lowde crye And calle,
As marred man of wytte vn-saught;
hys chambyrlayns wakyd hym ther with-All
And woodely oute of hys slepe he raught.

All nyght gan he wake And wepe,
With drery hert And sorowfull stevyn,
And A-gaynste day he felle on slepe;
A-boute hym was sette tapers sevyn;
Hym thought Syr gawayne hym dyd kepe
With mo folke þan men can nevyn,
By A Ryuer that was brode And depe;
All semyd Angellys cam from heuyn.

The kynge was neuyr yit so fayne,
hys soster sone whan that he sye;
"Welcome," he sayd, "syr gawayne;
And thou myght leue, welle were me.
Now, leue frend, with-outen layne,
What Ar tho folke that folow the?"
"Sertis, syr," he sayd A-gayne,
"They byde in blysse ther I motte be.

lordys they were And ladyes hende,
Thys worldys lyffe that hanne for-lorne;
Whyle I was man on lyffe to lende,
A-gaynste her fone I faught hem forne;
now fynde I them my moste Frende:
They blysse the tyme that I was borne:
They Asked leve with me to wende
To mete with yow vpon thys morne.

A monthe day of trewse moste ye take
  And than to batayle be ye bayne;
yow comethe to helpe lancelot du lake,
  With many A man mykell of mayne:
To-morne the batayle ye moste for-sake
  Or ellys, certis, ye shall be slayne."
The kynge gan woffully wepe and wake,
  And sayd: "Allas! thys Rewffull Rayne!"

hastely hys clothys on hym he dyde,
  And to hys lordys gan he saye:
"In stronge sweyneys I haue bene stad,
  That glad I may not for no gamys gaye.
We muste vnto syr mordred sende
  And founde to take An-other day,
Or trewly thys day I mon be shende,
  Thys know I in bed as I laye.

Goo thow, syr lucan de boteler,
  That wyse wordys haste in wolde,
And loke that thou take with the here
  Bysshopys fele and barons bolde."
Forthe went they All in fere,
  in trew bokys as it is tolde,
To syr mordred and hys lordis there they were,
  And an C knyghtis All vn-tolde.

The knyghtis that ware of grete valoure,
  By-fore syr mordred as they stode,
They gretyn hym with grete honowre,
  As barons bold And hye of blode:
"Ryght wele the gretys kynge Arthur,
  And praythe the with mylde mode,
A monethe day to stynte thys stoure,
  For hys loue that dyed on Rode."

mordred, that was bothe kene And bolde,
made hym breme As Any bore at bay,
And sware by Iudas that Ihesus sold:
"Suche sawes Ar not now to saye;
That he hathe hyght he shall it hold;
The tone of vs shall dye thys day;
And telle hym trewly that I tolde,
I schall hym marre, yife that I may."

"Syr, thay sayd, with-owten lese,
Thowȝ thou And he to batayle bowne,
many A ryche shall rewe that reasse,
By All by dalte vpon thys downe;
yit were it better for to sease,
And lette be kynge and bere the crowne;
And after hys dayes, full dredelesse,
ye to welde All yngland, towre And towne."

mordred tho stode stylle A whyle,
And wrothely vp hys eyne there wente,
And sayd: "wyste I it were hys wylle
To yeue me cornwale And kente,
lette vs mete vpon yonder hylle
And talke to-gedyr with gode entente;
Suche forwardys to full-fylle,
There-to shall I me sone Assent.

And yiffe we may with spechys spede,
With trew trowthes of entayle,
hold the bode-worde that we bede,
To yeue me kente And cornwayle,
Trew loue shall ther lenge And lende:
And, sertis, forwardys yif we fayle,
Aythur to sterte vppon A stede,
styffely for to do batayle."

"Sur, wyll ye come in suche maner,
With xij knyghtis or fourtene,
Or ellys All your strenghe in fere,
With helmes bryght And hauberkys shene?"
"Sertys, nay," than sayd he thore,
"Othur warke thou thare not wene,
But bothe oure hoostis shall nyghe nere,
And we shalle talke them by-twene."

They toke ther leue, with-owten lese,
And wyghtely vpon there way wente;
To kynge Arthur the way they chese,
there that he satte with-in hys tente.
"Syr, we haue proferyd pease,
Yiffe ye wille ther-to Assente:
Gyffe hym the crowne After your dayes
And in yower lyffe cornwayle and kente;

To hys by-heste yiffe ye will holde,
And your trouthe trewly ther-to plyght,
maketh All redy your men bolde,
With helme, swerd, And hauberke bryght;
ye schall mete vppon yone molde
That ayther oste may se with syght;
And yiff your foreward fayle to holde,
There is no bote but for to fyght."

But whan Arthur herd thys nevyn,
Trewly ther-to he hathe sworne,
And Arayed hym with batayles seuyn,
With brode baners by-fore hym borne;
They lemyd lyght As Any levyn
Whan they shold mete vpon the morne.
There lyves no man vndyr heuyn
A feyrer syght hath sene by-forne.

But mordred many men had mo;
So mordred that was mykell of mayne,
he had euyr xij A-gaynste hym two
Off barons bold to batayle bayne.
Arthur And mordred — bothe were thro —
Shuld mete bothe vpon A playne;
The wyse shuld come to And fro
To make A-cord, the sothe to sayne.

Arthur in hys herte hathe Caste
And to hys lordis gan he saye:
"To yonder traytour haue I no truste
But that he woll vs falselly be-traye.
yiff we may not oure forwardys faste,
And ye se any wepyn drayne,
presythe forthe As princes praste,
That he & All hys hoste be slayne."

mordred, that was kene And thro,
hys frely folke he sayd to-forne:
"I wote that Arthur is full woo
That he hathe thus hys landys lorne;
With fourtene knyghtis And no mo
shall we mete at yondyr thorne;
yiff Any treason by-twene vs go,
That brode baners forth be borne."

Arthur with knyghtis fully xiiij,
To that thorne on fote they fonde,
With helme, sheld, And hauberke shene;
Ryght so they trotted vppon þe grownde.
But As they A-cordyd shulde haue bene,
An Edder glode forth vpon the grownde;
he stange A knyght, that men myght sene
That he was seke And full vn sownde.

Owte he brayed with a swerd bryght;
To kylle the Adder had he thoghte;
Whan Arthur party saw that syght,
Frely they to-gedyr sought;
There was no-thynge with-stande theym myght;
They wend that treson had bene wroghte.
That day dyed many A doughty knyght,
And many A bolde man was broght to noght.

Arthur stert vpon hys stede;
he saw no thyng hym with-stand myght;
mordred owte of wytte nere yede,
And wrothely in-to hys sadyll he lyght;
Off A-corde was no-thyng to bede.
But fewtred sperys and to-geder sprente;
Full many A doughty man of dede
Some there was leyde vpon the bente.

mordred I-maryd many A man,
And boldely he gan hys batayle abyde;
So sternely oute hys stede Ranne,
many A rowte he gan throw Ryde;
Arthur of batayle neuyr blanne
To dele woundys wykke and wyde;
Fro the morow that it by-ganne
Tylle it was nere the nyghtis tyde,

There was many A spere spente,
And many A thro word they spake;
many A bronde was bowyd and bente
And many A knyghtis helme they brake;
Ryche helmes they Roffe and rente;
The Ryche rowtes gan to-gedyr Rayke,
An C thousand vpon the bente;
The boldest or evyn was made Ryght meke.

Sythe bretayne owte of troy was sought
  And made in bretayne hys owne wonne,
Suche wondrys neuyr ere was wroght,
  Neuyr yit vnder the sonne;
By evyn leuyd was there noght
  That euyr steryd with blode or bone
But Arthur and ij that he thedyr broghte,
  And mordred was levyd there Alone.

The tone was lucan de botelere,
  That bled at many A bale-full wound,
And hys brodyr, syr bedwere,
  Was sely seke and sore vnsounde.
Than spake Arthur these wordys there:
  "Shall we not brynge thys theffe to ground?"
A spere he gryped with fell chere,
  And felly they gan to-gedyr found.

he hytte mordred amydde the breste
  And oute At the bakke bone hym bare;
There hathe mordred hys lyffe loste,
  That speche spake he neuyr mare;
But kenely vp hys Arme he caste
  And yaff Arthur A wound sare,
In-to the hede throw the helme And creste,
  That iij tymes he swownyd thare.

Syr lucan And syr Bedwere
  By-twene theym two the kynge vp-held;
So forthe went tho iij in fere,
  And All were slayne that lay in feld.
The doughty kynge that was hem dere,
  For sore myght not hym-self weld;
To A chapelle they went in fere —
  Off bote they saw no better beld.

All nyght thay in the chapelle laye,
Be the see syde, As I yow newyn,
To mary mercy cryand aye,
With drery herte and sorowfull stevyn;
And to hyr leue sonne gan they pray:
"Ihesu, for thy namys sevyn,
Wis hys sowle the Ryght way,
That he lese not the blysse of heuyn."

As syr lucan de boteler stode,
he sey folk vppon playnes hye;
Bold barons of bone and blode,
They Refte theym besaunt, broche, and bee;
And to the kynge Agayne thay yode,
Hym to warne with wordys slee;

To the kynge spake he full styll,
Rewffully as he myght than Rowne:
"Sir, I haue bene At yone hylle,
There fele folke drawen to the downe;
I note whedyr they wyll vs good or ylle,
I rede we buske And make vs bowne,
yiff it be your worthy wylle,
That we wende to som towne."

"Now, syr lucan, As thow Radde,
lyfte me vp, whyle that I may laste."
Bothe hys Armes on hym he sprad
With All hys strengh to hold hym faste.
The kynge was wondyd and for-bled
And swownyng on hym hys eyne he caste;
Syr lucan was hard by-stadde;
He held the kynge to hys owne herte braste.

Whan the kynge had swounyd there,
  By an Auter vp he stode;
Syr lucan, that was hym dere,
  Lay dede and fomyd in the blode.
Hys bold brothyr, Sir Bedwere,
  Full mykell mornyd in hys mode;
For sorow he myȝte not nyghe hym nere,
  But euyr wepyd As he were wode.

The kynge tornyd hym there he stode,
  To syr Bedwere with wordys kene:
"Have Excalaber, my swerde good;
  A better brond was neuyr sene;
Go, Caste it in the salt flode
  And thou shalt se wonder, as I wene.
hye the faste, for crosse on Rode,
  And telle me what thou haste ther sene."

The knyght was both hende and free,
  To save that swerd he was full glad,
And thought "whethyr I better bee,
  yif neuyr man it After had;
And I it caste in-to the see,
  Off mold was neuyr man so mad."
The swerd he hyd vndyr A tree,
  And sayd: "syr, I ded as ye me bad."

"What saw thow there?" than sayd the kynge,
  "Telle me now, yif thow can."
"Sertes, syr," he sayd, "nothynge
  But watres depe And wawes wanne."
"A! now thou haste broke my byddynge!
  Why haste thou do so, thow false man?
A-nother bode thou muste me brynge."
  Thanne careffully the knyght forthe Ranne

And thought the swerd yit he wold hyde,
And keste the scauberke in the flode.
"yif Any Aventurs shall be-tyde,
There-by shall I se tokenys good."
In-to the see he lette the scauberke glyde;
A whyle on the land hee there stode,
Than to the kynge he wente that tyde,
And sayd: "syr, it is done, by the Rode."

"Saw thou Any wondres more?"
"Sertys, syr, I saw nought."
"A! false traytor," he sayd thore,
"Twyse thou haste me treson wroght;
That shall thou rew sely sore;
And, be thou bold, it shal be bought."
The knyght than cryed: "lord, thyn ore!"
And to the swerd sone he sought.

Syr bedwere saw that bote was beste,
And to the good swerd he wente;
In-to the see he hyt keste;
Than myght he se what that it mente.
There cam An hand with-outen Reste
Oute of the water And feyre it hente,
And brandysshyd As it shuld braste,
And sythe, as gleme, A-way it glente.

To the kynge A-gayne wente he thare,
And sayd: "leve syr, I saw An hand;
Oute of the water it cam All bare,
And thryse brandysshyd that Ryche brande."
"helpe me sone that I ware there."
he lede hys lord vnto that stronde;
A ryche shyppe, with maste And ore,
Full of ladyes, there they fonde.

The ladyes, that were feyre and free,
  Curteysly the kynge gan they fonge,
And one that bryghtest was of blee
  wepyd sore and handys wrange.
"Broder," she sayd, "wo ys me!
  Fro lechyng hastow be to longe.
I wote that gretely greuyth me,
  For thy paynes Ar full stronge."

The knyght kest A rewfull rowne,
  There he stode, sore and vnsownde,
And sayde: "lord, whedyr Ar ye bowne?
  Allas! whedyr wyll ye fro me fownde?"
The kynge spake with A sory sowne:
"I wylle wende a lytell stownde
In-to the vale of Avelovne,
  A whyle to hele me of my wounde."

Whan the shyppe from the land was broght,
  Syr bedwere saw of hem no more;
Throw the forest forthe he soughte,
  On hyllys and holtys hore.
Of hys lyffe Rought he Ryght noght,
  All nyght he went wepynge sore;
A-gaynste the day he fownde ther wrought
  A chapelle by-twene ij holtes hore.

To the chapell he toke the way;
  There myght he se A woundyr syght;
Than saw he where an ermyte laye
  By-fore A tombe that new was dyghte;
And coveryd it was with marboll graye
  And with Ryche lettres Rayled Aryght;
There-on An herse, sothely to saye,
  With an C tappers lyghte.

vnto the ermyte wente he thare
And Askyd who was beryed there.
The ermyte Answeryd swythe yare:
"There-of can I tell no more.
A-bowte mydnyght were ladyes here,
In world ne wyste I what they were;
Thys body they broght vppon a bere
And beryed it with woundys sore;

Besavntis offred they here bryght,
I hope an C povnd and more,
And bad me pray bothe day and nyght
For hym that is buryed in these moldys hore
Vnto ower lady bothe day And nyght,
That she hys sowle helpe sholde."
The knyght redde the lettres A-ryght;
For sorow he fell vn-to the folde.

"Ermyte," he sayd, "with-oute lesynge,
here lyeth my lord that I haue lorne,
Bold arthur, the beste kynge
That euyr was in bretayne borne.
yif me som of thy clothynge,
For hym that bare the crowne of thorne,
And leue that I may with the lenge,
While I may leve, And pray hym forne."

The holy ermyte wold not wounde—
Some tyme Archebishop he was,
That mordred flemyd oute of londe,
And in the wode hys wonnyng chase—
he thankyd Ihesu All of his sound
That syr bedwere was comyn in pease;
he resayved hym with herte And honde,
To-gedyr to dwelle, with-outen lese.

Whan quene Gaynor, the kynges wyffe,
Wyste that All was gone to wrake,
A-way she went with ladys fyve
To Aymysbery, A nonne hyr for to make.
Ther-in she lyved An holy lyffe,
In prayers for to wepe And wake;
neuyr After she cowde be blythe;
There weryd she clothys whyte And blake.

Whan thys tydyngis was to launcelot broght,
What wondyr thowgh hys hert were sore!
hys men, hys frendys, to hym sought
And All the wyse that with hym were.
her gallayes were All Redy wroght,
They buskyd theyme And made yare;
To helpe Arthur was ther thoght
And make mordred of blysse full bare.

lancelot had crownyd kyngis sevyn,
Erlys fele And barons bold;
The nombyr of knyghtis I can not nevyn,
The squyres to fele to be told;
They lemyd lyght as Any levyn,
The wynde was as hem-self wold,
Throw the grace of god of hevyn;
At douer they toke hauyn And hold;

There herd telle lancelot in that towne,
In lond it is not for to layne,
how they had faught at barendowne,
And how beryed was syr gawayne,
And how mordred wold be kynge with crowne,
And how ayther of theym had other slayn,
And All that were to batayle bowne
At salysbery lay dede vpon the playne;

Also in londe herd hyt kythe,
That made hys hert wonder sare,
quene Gaynour, the kyngis wyffe,
Myche had levyd in sorow and care;
A-way she went with ladyes fyve,
In lond they wyste not whedyr whar,
Dolwyn dede or to be on lyve;
That made hys mornyng moche the mare.

lancelot clepid hys kyngis with crowne,
Syr bors stode hym nere be-syde;
he sayd: "lordyngis, I wyll wend to-forne,
And by these bankys ye shall A-byde
Vnto fyftene days at the morne.
In lond what so euyr vs be-tyde,
To herkyn what lord hys lyffe hathe lorne,
loke ye Rappe yow not vp to Ryde."

There had he nouther Roo ne Reste,
But forthe he went with drery mode,
And iij dayes he went euyn weste,
As man that cowde nother yvell nor good;
Than syghe he where A towre by weste
Was byggyd by A burnys flode;
There he hopyd it were beste
For to gete hym som lyves stode.

As he cam throw A cloyster clere —
All-moste for wepynge he was mad —
he see A lady bryght of lere,
In nonnys clothyng was she clad.
Thryse she swownyd swyftely there,
So stronge paynes she was in stad
That many A man than nyghed hyr nere,
And to hyr chambyr was she ladde.

"Mercy, madame," they sayd All,
"For Ihesu, that is kynge of blysse,
Is there Any byrd in boure or halle
hathe wrathed yow?" she sayd: "nay, I wysse."
lancelot to hyr gan they calle,
The Abbes and the other nonnys I-wysse,
They that wonyd with-in the walle;
In covnselle there than sayd she thus:

"Abbes, to you I knowlache here
That throw thys ylke man And me,
For we to-gedyr han loved vs dere,
All thys sorowfull werre hathe be;
my lord is slayne, that had no pere,
And many A doughty knyght And free;
There-fore for sorowe I dyed nere,
As sone As I euyr hym gan see —

Whan I hym see, the sothe to say,
All my herte by-gan to colde,
That euyr I shuld A-byde thys day,
To se so many barons bolde
Shuld for vs be slayne A-way;
Oure wylle hathe be to sore bought sold;
But god, that All myghtis maye,
Now hathe me sette where I wyll hold;

I-sette I am In suche A place,
my sowle hele I wyll A-byde,
Telle god send me som grace,
Throw mercy of hys woundys wyde,
That I may do so in thys place,
my synnys to A-mende thys ilke tyde,
After to haue A syght of hys face
At domys day on hys Ryght syde.

There-fore, syr lancelot du lake,
For my loue now I the pray,
my company thow Aye for-sake
And to thy kyngdome thow take thy way;
And kepe thy Reme from werre and wrake,
And take A wyffe with her to play,
And loue wele than thy worldys make.
God yiff yow Ioye to-gedyr, I pray!

Vnto god I pray, All-myghty kynge,
he yeffe yow to-gedyr Ioye And blysse,
But I beseche the in All thynge
That newyr in thy lyffe After thysse
Ne come to me for no sokerynge,
Nor send me sond, but dwelle in blysse;
I pray to god euyr lastynge
To Graunte me grace to mend my mysse."

"Now, swete madame, that wold I not doo,
To haue All the world vnto my mede;
So vntrew fynd ye me neuyr mo;
It for to do cryste me for-bede!

For-bede it god that euyr I shold
A-gaynste yow worche so grete vnryght,
Syne we to-gedyr vpon thys mold
haue led owre lyffe by day And nyght!
Vnto god I yiffe a heste to holde,
The same desteny that yow is dyghte
I will Resseyve in som house bolde,
To plese here-After god All-myght:

To please god All that I maye
I shall here-After do myne entente,

And euyr for yow specyAlly pray,
While god wyll me lyffe lente."
"A! wylte thow so," the quene gan say,
"Full-fyll thys forward that thou has ment?"
lancelot sayd: "yiff I sayd nay,
I were wele worthy to be brent;

Brent to bene worthy I were,
Yiff I wold take non suche A lyffe,
To byde in penance, as ye do here,
And suffre for god sorow and stryffe;
As we in lykynge lyffed in fere,
By mary moder, made and wyffe,
Tyll god vs departe with dethes dere,
To penance I yeld me here As blythe.

All blyve to penance I wyll me take
As I may fynde Any ermyte
That wylle me Resseyue for goddys sake,
me to clothe with whyte And blake."
The sorow that the tone to the tother gan make
myght none erthely man se hytte.
"madame," than sayd launcelot de lake,
"kysse me, And I shall wende as tyte."

"nay," sayd the quene, "that wyll I not:
launcelot, thynke on that no more;
To Absteyne vs we muste haue thought,
For suche we haue delyted in ore;
lett vs thynk on hym that vs hathe bought
And we shall please god ther-fore;
Thynke on thys world how there is noght
But warre And stryffe And batayle sore."

What helpeth lenger for to spelle?
 With that they gan departe in twene,
But none erthely man covde telle
 The sorow that there by-gan to bene;
Wryngyng ther handis and lowde they yelle,
 As they neuyr more shuld blynne,
And sythe in swonne bothe downe they felle;
 Who saw that sorow euyr myght it mene.

But ladyes than with mornyng chere,
 In-to the chambyr the quene they bare,
And All full besy made theym there
 To cover the quene of hyr care.
many Also that with lancelot were,
 They comforte hym with rewfull care;
Whan he was coveryd, he toke hys gere
 And went frome thense with-outen mare;

hys hert was hevy As Any lede,
 And leuer he was hys lyffe haue lorne;
he sayd: "Ryghtwosse god! what is my Rede?
 Allas! for-bare! why was I borne?"
A-way he went, as he had fled,
 To A foreste that was hym by-forne;
hys lyffe fayne he wold haue leuyd;
 hys Ryche A-tyre he wold haue of-torne.

All nyght gan he wepe And wrynge
 And went A-boute As he were wode;
Erely, As the day gan sprynge,
 Tho syghe he where A chapell stode;
A belle herd he rewfully Rynge;
 he hyed hym than And thedyr yode;
A preste was Redy for to synge,
 And masse he herd with drery mode.

The Arshebysshoppe was ermyte thare,
  That flemyd was for hys werkys trew ;
The masse he sange with syghyng sare,
  And ofte he changyd hyde and hewe ;
Syr bedwere had sorow And care
  And ofte mornyd for tho werkys newe ;
Aftyr masse was mornynge mare,
  Whan Iche of hem othyr knewe.

Whan the sorow was to the ende,
  The byshope toke hys obbyte thare,
And welcomyd launcelot as the hend,
  And on hys knees downe gan he fare :
"Syr, ye be welcome as oure frende
  Vnto thys byggying in bankys bare ;
Were it yower wyll with vs to lende
  Thys one nyght, yif ye may no mare !"

Whan they hym knew at the laste,
  Feyre in Armys they gan hym folde,
And sythe he askyd frely faste
  Off Arthur And of other bolde ;
An C tymes hys hert nere braste,
  Whyle syr Bedwere the tale told.
To Arthur-is tombe he caste,
  Hys carefull corage wexid All cold ;

He threw hys armys to the walle,
  That Ryche were and bryght of blee ;
By-fore the ermyte he gan downe falle,
  And comely knelyd vpon hys knee ;
Than he shrove hym of hys synnes Alle
  And prayd he myght hys broder be,
To serue god in boure and halle,
  That myght-full kynge of mercy free.

That holy bisshope nold not blynne,
But blythe was to do hys boone;
He resseyuyd hym with wele and wynne
And thankyd Ihesu trew in trone,
And shroffe hym ther of hys synne,
As clene as he had neuyr done none:
And sythe he kyste hym cheke and chynne
And an Abbyte there dyd hym vpon.

Hys grete hooste at dover laye,
And wende he shuld have comyn A-gayne,
Tylle After by-felle vpon A day,
Syr lyonell, that was mekyll of mayne,
With fyffty lordys, the sothe to saye,
To seche hys lord he was full fayne;
To london he toke the Ryght way;
Alas for woo! there was he slayne.

Bors De gawnes wold no lenger Abyde,
But buskyd hym And made All bowne,
And bad All the oste homeward Ryde —
God send theym wynd and wedyr Rownd —
To seke lancelot wyll he Ryde.
Ector and eche dywerse wayes yode,
And bors sowght forthe the weste syde,
As he that cowde nowther yvell nor gode.

Full Erly in A morow tyde
In A foreste he fownd A welle;
he Rode euyr forthe by the Ryver syde,
Tyll he had syght of A chapelle;
There at masse thought he A-byde;
Rewfully he herd A belle Rynge;
Ther lancelot he fand with mekelle pryde
And prayd he myght with hym there dwelle.

Or the halfe yere were comen to the ende,
  There was comyn of there felowse sevyn,
Where yehone had sought there frend,
  With sorowfull herte And drery stevyn;
had neuyr none wyll A-way to wend,
  Whan they herd of launcelot nevyn,
But All to-gedyr there gan they lend,
  As it was goddys wyll of heuyn.

holyche All tho sevyn yerys
  lancelot was preste and masse songe;
In penance and in dyverse prayers
  That lyffe hym thought no-thyng longe;
Syr bors And hys other ferys
  On bokys Redde and bellys Ronge;
So lytell they wexe of lyn And lerys,
  Theym to know it was stronge.

hytte felle A-gayne an euyn-tyde
  That launcelot sekenyd sely sare;
The bysshop he clepyd to his syde
  And All hys felaws lesse and mare;
he sayd: "bretherne, I may no lenger A-byde,
  my baleffull blode of lyffe is bare;
What bote is it to hele And hyde?
  my fowle flesshe will to erthe fare.

but, bretherne, I pray yow to-nyght,
  To-morow, whan ye fynde me dede,
vpon A bere that ye wyll me dyght
  And to Ioyes garde than me lede;
For the loue of god All myght,
  Bery my body in that stede;
Some tyme my trowthe ther-to I plyght,
  Allas! me for-thynketh that I so dyd."

"mercy, syr," they Sayd All three,
"for hys loue that dyed on Rode,
yif Any yvell haue greuyd the,
hyt ys bot hevynesse of yower blode;
To-morow ye shall better be.
Whan were ye but of comforte gode?"
merely spake All men but he,
But streyght vnto hys bed he yode,

And clepyd the bysshope hym vntylle,
And shrove hym of hys synnes clene,
Off All hys synnes loude and stylle,
And of hys synnes myche dyd he mene;
Ther he Resseyved with good wylle
God, mary-is sonne, mayden clene.
Than bors of wepyng had neuyr hys fylle;
To bedde they yede than All by-dene.

A lytell whyle by-fore the day,
As the bysshop lay in hys bed,
A laughter toke hym there he laye,
That All they were Ryght sore A-dred.
They wakenyd hym, for sothe to saye,
And Askyd yif he were hard by-sted.
he sayd: "Allas And wele A-way!
Why ne had I lenger thus be ledd?

Allas! why nyghed ye me nye,
To A-wake me in word or stevyn?
here was launcelot bryght of blee
With Angellis xxx thousand and sevyn;
hym they bare vp on hye;
A-gaynste hym openyd the gatys of hevyn;
Suche A syght Ryght now I see,
Is none in erthe that myght it nevyn."

"Syr," thay sayd, "for crosse on Rode,
Dothe suche wordys clene A-way.
Syr lancelot eylythe no-thynge but gode:
he shall be hole by pryme of day."
Candell they lyght And to hym yode,
And fownde hym dede, for sothe to saye,
Rede and fayer of flesshe and blode,
Ryght As he in slepynge laye.

"Allas! syr bors, that I was borne!
That euyr I shuld see thys in dede!
The beste knyght hys lyffe hathe lorne
That euyr in stoure by-strode A stede.
Ihesu that crownyd was with thorne,
In heuyn hys soule foster and fede!"
Vnto the fyfty day at the morne
They lefte not for to synge And Rede,

And After they made theym A bere,
The bysshop and these other bold,
And forthe they wente, All in fere
To Ioyes garde, that Ryche hold.
In A chapell a-myddys the quere
A graue they made as thay wold,
And iij dayes they wakyd hym there,
In the castell with carys cold.

Ryght as they stode A-boute the bere
And to bereynge hym shold haue browght,
In cam syr Ector, hys brodyr dere,
That vij yere A-fore had hym sought.
he lokyd vp in-to the quere;
To here A masse than had he thought;
For that they All Ravysshyd were,
They knew hym and he hem nought.

Syr bors bothe wepte And songe,
When they that feyre faste vnfold;
There was none but hys handys wrange,
The bysshop nor none of the other bold.
Syr Ector than thought longe;
What thys corps was feyne wete he wolde;
An C tymes hys herte nye sprange,
By that bors had hym the tale tolde.

Full hendely syr bors to hym spakke
And sayd: "welcome, syr Ector, I-wysse;
here lyethe my lord lancelot du lake,
for whome that we haue mornyd thus."
Than In Armys they gan hym take,
The dede body to clyppe And kysse,
And prayed All nyght he myght hym wake,
For Ihesu love, kynge of blysse.

Syr Ector of hys wytte nere wente,
Walowed and wronge as he were wode;
So wofully hys mone he mente,
hys sorow myngyd All hys mode;
Whan the corps in Armys he hente,
The terys owte of hys yen yode;
At the laste they myght no lenger stent,
But beryed hym with drery mode.

Sythen on there knees they knelyd downe—
Grete sorow it was to se with syght—
"Vnto Ihesu cryste Aske I A boone,
And to hys moder, mary bryght.
lord, As thow madyste bothe sonne and mone,
And god And man arte moste of myght,
Brynge thys sowle vnto thy trone,
And euyr thow Rewdyste on gentyll knyght."

Syr Ector tent not to hys stede,
  Whedyr he wold stynt or Renne Away,
But with theym to dwelle and lede,
  For lancelot All hys lyffe to pray.
On hym dyd he armytes wede,
  And to hyr chapell went hyr way;
A fourtenyght on fote they yede,
  Or they home come, for sothe to say.

Whan they came to Aymysbery,
  Dede they faunde Gaynour the quene,
With Roddys feyre and Rede as chery;
  And forthe they bare hyr theym by-twene,
And beryed hyr with masse full merry
  By syr Arthur, as I yow mene.
Now hyght there chapell glassynbery,
  An Abbay full Ryche, of order clene.

Off lancelot du lake telle I no more,
  But thus by-leve these ermytes sevyn;
And yit is Arthur beryed thore,
  And quene Gaynour, as I yow nevyn;
With monkes that ar Ryght of lore,
  They Rede and Synge with mylde stevyn.
Ihesu, that suffred woundes sore,
  Graunt vs All the blysse of hevyn!
Amen.

Explycit le morte Arthur.

NOTES

1. **Lordingis.** Merely "Sirs." Frequently used in the romances, suggesting minstrel origins. Cf. the end of Chaucer's *Franklin's Tale*, where the franklin, addressing the other pilgrims, says: —

> Lordingis, this question wol I aske now,
> Which was the moste fre, as thinketh yow?

2. **Lystenyth.** Plural of the imperative in -eth or -yth. Notice future occurrences of this and other imperative forms, and cf. the singular in ll. 37 and 511.

5. **Arthur dayes.** The uninflected genitive is very common in ME., and is probably due to OF. influence. Cf. l. 426, therle sonne; 2178, the stede rigge; 2237, Lancelot party; 2899, Gawayne strengthe; 3142, suster sonne; 3346, Arthur party; 3655, sowle hele.

8. **That.** The antecedent must be there, i.e., oure eldris, as wiste is a preterit.

10. Here, as elsewhere, the downfall of the court follows the quest of the Graal.

14. That is, even for money they would not leave them alive. Mod.E. *alive* is merely a shortened form of the phrase *on life*, which was still current in the seventeenth century. Cf. ll. 529, 632, 636.

36. That is, by riding to deeds of arms. Cf. l. 2123, where the infinitive is again used as a gerund.

45. **stiff on stede.** One of the conventional alliterative phrases of ME. poetry.

63. **with the dede.** In the act; cf. l. 1747 and Malory xx, 2, where Arthur says to Agravaine, "And

but-if he be taken with the dede, he will fight, . . . therefore I would he were taken with the deed."

79. Arm yourselves quickly. A kind of hortatory subjunctive, due to influence of French *que* + subj.; cf. ll. 211, 1573, 2550, 3335.

105. on highte. Merely "above;" cf. on lyff, l. 14, and note.

120. launcelott du lake. So called because he was brought up by the Lady of the Lake; cf. Introduction, p. vii.

159. Provided that he had company.

176. your bothis wede. The clothes of you both (bothis, genitive). Cf. *Piers Plowman*, B. XVI, 165: —

> Cryst toke the bataille,
> Aȝeines deth and the deuel destruyed her botheres myȝtes.

and *Romeo and Juliet*, II, iii, 51: —

> both our remedies (i.e., remedy for us both)
> Within thy help and holy physic lies.

179. This is a good example of the division of a line by alliteration.

202. Do not give yourself ill (i.e., pain) for my sake; cf. ll. 821, 1324, 1356, 1419.

211. See note to l. 79.

229. breme as bare. This or breme as bore (according to the demand of the rime) is another of the conventional alliterative phrases; cf. stiff on stede, l. 45.

278. next. The old superlative of *nigh*, of which *near* was the comparative. In Mod.E. *nearer* we therefore have a double comparative. Cf., for this use of next, *I Henry IV*, III, i, 264: —

> 'T is the next way to turn tailor.

315. one. In the sense of alone, which was originally merely a strengthened form of *one*, *al* + *one*.

378. **had I levir.** I should prefer; cf. Mod.E. *just as lief.* "The past subjunctive, *had* = would have, is used with adjectives (or adverbs) in the comparative, as *better, liefer, sooner, rather;* in the superlative, as *best, liefest;* or in the positive with *as, as soon,* to express preference or comparative desirability. In the earliest form of these expressions in OE., the adjectives *leófre, betre,* were used with *be* and the dative, e.g., *him waere betere,* it would be better for him. In ME., side by side with this, appears *have* and the nominative, in the sense 'I should hold or find it better or preferable.' The extension to *rather* is later, and the use of *as soon, sooner, as well,* is recent, since *liefer* and *better* began to be felt as adverbs." N. E. D.

For the use of **lief** with **be**, see Chaucer, *Prologue,* 293-96:

> For him was lever have at his beddes heed
> Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
> Than robes riche.

See also l. 3739, **leuer he was**, a confusion of the two correct forms, *leuer him was* and *leuer he had.* A similar confusion appears in Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale,* l. 444: —

> Al had hir lever han born a knave child.

411. **hole and fere.** Burns, *Epistle to Davie,* II: —

> We're fit to earn our daily bread,
> As lang's we're hale and fier.

Scott, *Antiquary,* xxvii: "I trust to find ye baith haill and fere."

457. **Bordis were sette.** Cf. l. 1504. The ordinary dining-table of the fourteenth century was still a primitive affair, consisting of a couple of trestles holding up rough planks or boards. This table (or board, as it was commonly called) was

removed after meals. The permanent table, the *table dormant* of Chaucer's franklin (*Prologue*, 353), was introduced in the fourteenth century, and was regarded as a sign of great luxury and hospitality. This use of the word **board** survives to-day in Mod.E. *boarding-house*, *bed and board*, etc. Cf. Chaucer's knight, who often had "the bord bigonne," i.e., taken precedence at table.

487. Direct discourse introduced by **that**; uncommon in ME.

489. **wise vndir wede.** Another purely conventional alliterative phrase; cf. **stiff on stede, breme as bare,** etc.

542. **tithandis.** For the many spellings of **tidings**, see Glossary. The forms ending in **-and** are Northern, **-and** being the regular pr. ple. ending in the Northern dialects.

544. The phrase **to take leave at, to,** or **on** was in as good usage as **to take leave of,** in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Cf. l. 612.

575. **he**: i.e., Lancelot.

581–82. Change from indirect to direct discourse; cf. l. 487.

595. **knew.** Subjunctive, should know.

603. **launcelottis sheld de lake.** Cf. ll. 644–45 and 746–47, **Therlis doughter of Ascolot**; also Malory, "Thy father's death, King Lot," and Matthew Arnold, *Balder Dead*, "Doubtless thou fearest Balder's voice, thy brother." The modern English custom is to inflect the last word of such a group rather than the first; we should say, "Launcelot du Lake's shield," etc.

623. In the romances and in Malory, Gawaine is always "corteyse and hend," the perfection of knighthood and chivalry. It is only in Tennyson

that he is the inefficient cad. His degradation by Tennyson is best illustrated by comparing this Maid of Ascolot episode with Tennyson's *Lancelot and Elaine.*

729. **on hunting.** Cf. on lyff, l. 14, note.

764. **for crosse and rode.** The usual formula is **crosse on rode** (see ll. 1350, 2928, 3111, 3452), but we also find **corsse on rode**, l. 2880, and **cryste on rode**, l. 3004. Bruce takes **cross on rood** as the original expression, and explains "cross" as referring to the short crosspiece of the rood. It is possible, however, that **corsse on rode** is the original expression (*God's body!* is a common oath), and that by metathesis (as in *frist, first; bird, bride,* etc., see Glossary) and association with **rode**, it changed to **crosse on rode**, which is a rather meaningless oath.

788. Lancelot later makes Bors king of Gawnes, or Guienne, in France; see l. 2484 and note. Bors is often referred to, rather prematurely, by his future title.

840–952. The episode of the poisoned fruit and Sir Mador is related by Malory in the first part of his eighteenth book, and precedes the Maid of Astolat story. Malory's eighteenth book opens at the same point as our romance, the return of the knights from the quest of the Graal. Guinevere immediately banishes Lancelot from court because he has been during the quest "a false recreant knight and a common lecher." Lancelot angrily leaves the court, and the Sir Mador episode follows. Malory's version gives, perhaps, slightly better motivation for the anger of Lancelot's friends against Guinevere. Our poet follows the arrangement of the OF. *Mort Artu* (hereafter referred to as *M.A.*).

876. They caused to be made; cf. by for be in ll. 34 and 1759.

905. heuy as any lede. *N.E.D.* gives two examples of the use of any with lead in this comparison: R. Brunne, *Handl. Synne*, 11730, "This Ananyas fell down as blak as any lede." Hawes, *Past. Pleas.*, XVII, 76, "Dyane derlyng pale as any leade."

934. In the *M.A.* we are told that this news was brought to Lancelot when he was at a hermit's in the forest (cf. l. 953), recovering from a wound accidentally given him by one of the king's huntsmen. See Bruce's edition of the *M.A.*, pp. 78–79. The English romancer in condensing the story has forgotten to account for Lancelot's sickness.

952 ff. We now return from the Sir Mador digression to the last part of the Maid of Astolat story. Notice that in the *M.A.* and in our romance, Lancelot is absent from court when the boat arrives. In Malory and Tennyson, Lancelot's presence adds considerably to the pathos of the situation. Cf. the last stanza of Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott:* —

> But Lancelot mused a little space;
> He said, "She has a lovely face;
> God in his mercy send her grace,
>   The Lady of Shalott."

953. See note on l. 934.

967. as. Often used pleonastically with prepositions.

991. bayne. Bruce takes this as the adverb, *readily*, from ON. *beinn*. Seyferth's assumption that it is the pronoun *both*, OE. *bēgen*, seems to me more probable. At least they both do get into the boat immediately; cf. l. 992. Cf. also the *M.A.* (Bruce ed., p. 74): "La nacele estoit coverte a

volte, et me sire Gauains soslieve . i . peu del drap dont ele estoit coverte et dist au roi, 'Sir, entrons dedans Si verons kil i a.' Li rois saut maintenant en la nacele et me sire Gauains apres."

1012–15. According to the *M.A.*, Gawaine makes love to the Maid before he knows of Lancelot's supposed love for her, and when he discovers Lancelot's shield he says to the Maid: "Por Diu ie vos pri ke se ie vos ai dite parole ki vos desplaise, ke vos le me pardonnes." Tennyson makes Gawain's love for Elaine a light, disloyal, and contemptible thing.

1181–1318. The *M.A.* continues with a description of the burial of the Maid of Escalot, and then proceeds with an account of the circumstances of Lancelot's receiving, in the forest, the news of the Queen's trouble (Bruce ed., pp. 78 ff.). The burial of the Maid is described as follows: "Li rois fist la damoiselle ensevelir au plus biel et au plus ricement con pot, Si comme damoisele de grant linage, et le fist entierer en la mere eglise de Camaalot, et fist met sor li vne tombe biele et rice. et auoit sor le tombe letres escrites, ki disoient, 'chi gist La damoisele d'escalot, qui por lamour de lanselot morut.' et estoient les letres faites, les vnes dor et les autres dasure, trop ricement."

1537. That is, of their private conversation.

1561. Iche a swythe. Iche (each), is commonly followed by the article, with meaning "each" or "every"; cf. Scotch *ilk*, *ilka*, and l. 1647, etc., Iche a syde.

1573. See note on l. 79.

1669. The castle of Joyous Guard, often identified with Bamborough Castle in the northeastern part of England, formerly known as Dolorous

Guard, was presented by Arthur to Lancelot on this occasion, and, according to some legends, renamed in honor of the joyful deliverance of the Queen.

1681. Gawaine, Gareth, Agravaine, Gaheris, and Modred were sons of Arthur's sister, Bellicent, wife of Lot, King of Orkney. Modred, according to the romancers, was the son of Arthur and Bellicent, and later became the instrument of fate in punishing Arthur for this incestuous union, which occurred before Arthur knew of his own real parentage.

1688–1711. These stanzas illustrate well the mixed motives of the real mediæval knights of the romances, as contrasted with the lofty, single motives of Tennyson's idealized knights. In the romances and in Malory, the emphasis is generally upon the practical and the useful, rather than upon fine feeling, love, loyalty, and friendship. Notice here that Gawaine's first thought is of Lancelot's physical strength, and the difficulty of taking him, " there of shulde we but harmys wynne "; then comes the thought of his love and gratitude to Lancelot, and then again the practical objection to stirring up trouble. Arthur's reception of the news is similar; cf. ll. 1736–51. With this latter passage compare Arthur's first words, on hearing the tale, in Malory, xx, 2: " I would be loath to begin such a thing but I might have proofs upon it, for Sir Lancelot is an hardy knight and ye all know he is the best knight amongst us all, and but-if he be taken with the deed, he will fight with him that bringeth up the noise and I know no knight that is able to match him." Malory, himself, then tells us briefly that " Lancelot had

done so much for him and for the queen, that wit ye well the king loved him passingly well."

1728. Here, and in Malory, Agravaine tells his story willingly. In the *M.A.* Arthur has to resort to threats to get it from him.

1736–51. Cf. note on 1688–1711.

1747. Cf. note on l. 63.

1760. In the *M.A.*, Gawaine tries to persuade Lancelot to go hunting with the King.

1839. **vp.** In the sense of "open"; so in Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, l. 615: "his dore is uppe." In Malory, xx, 4, Lancelot says: "Fair Lords, leave your noise and I shall set open the door."

1840. In the *M.A.*, this knight is Sir Tanaquins; in Malory, Sir Colgrevance of Gore.

1858. Our romance and Malory differ from the *M.A.*, in which Agravaine escapes here to be killed later, when Lancelot rescues the Queen.

1876–77. Malory, xx, 5: "Sir, said Bors, after ye were departed from us, we all that be of your blood and your well-wishers, were so dretched that some of us leapt out of our beds naked." The verbal parallels between the last part of our romance and Malory's twentieth and twenty-first books make it clear that whatever other sources Malory used, he had before him either this romance or another *English* version of the story, from which this romance was also directly drawn.

1895. Twenty-eight, according to the *M.A.*, and twenty-two according to Malory, who enumerates them (xx, 5).

1912–19. This idea is worked out more in detail by Malory (xx, 8). Gawaine is unwilling to take vengeance upon Lancelot for the death of

Agravaine, inasmuch as the latter failed to heed Gawaine's warnings.

1939. In Malory (xx, 8), Gawaine's feelings are more personal. He refuses " to be in that place where so noble a queen shall take a shameful end."

1940–41. Malory (xx, 8): " Then said the king to Sir Gawaine, suffer your brothers, Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, to be there. My Lord, said Sir Gawaine, wit you well they will be loath to be there present, but they are young and full unable to say you nay."

1943. **That**: i.e., the squire.

1970–77. Arthur's grief over the loss of his knights is far greater than over the sin and disloyalty of his wife and friend. Cf. note on ll. 1688–1711, and Malory, xx, 9: "And therefore, said the king, wit you well my heart was never so heavy as it is now, and much more am I sorrier for my good knights' loss than for the loss of my fair queen; for queens I might have enow, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be in no company." Tennyson's Arthur is supposed to be raised high above this, but one wonders, sometimes, in reading his farewell to Guinevere, whether Tennyson's Arthur also is not grieving more over his own broken purposes, " the loss of his good knights," than over the sin and shame of his fair queen.

1979. The devotion of Gawaine to his youngest brother, Gareth, is emphasized in all versions of the story. In their emphasis of Gawaine's grief over Gareth, both our poet and Malory seem to forget at times that Gaheris is dead, too.

2024–25. Tennyson brings out the devotion of Gawaine and Lancelot to Gareth in *Gareth and Lynette.*

2028. See **thar** in Glossary.

2044. See note on l. 1669.

2048. The maiden appears at this point in neither the *M.A.* nor Malory, but see l. 2608 and note.

2085. **In mydde.** Amid; cf. **on lyff**, l. 14, note, and also the modern use of *half*.

2094–95. Though their great trouble was because of the knights who were separated from them by death (*lit.* dead from them). Cf. l. 1979.

2114. **wendys.** Imperative in **-ys**; cf. ll. 37 and 2301.

2168. Neither could any man ride so fast as he.

2254. **Rochester.** One of the oldest sees in England, dating from the seventh century. Rochester is about halfway between London and Canterbury. *M.A.* has **rouenceastre** and **loucestre**.

2257. **karllylle.** Carlisle, in Cumberland, not far from the traditional Joyous Guard in Northumberland.

2305. **benwike.** The city of Bayonne in southwestern France; see note on l. 2466.

2310. **mayden floure.** Flower of maidens or of virginity.

2338. Cf. l. 2028.

2356–71. A typical mediæval picture; notice the use of detail and color.

2379. Malory, xx, 14: "And wit you well there was many a bold knight there that wept as tenderly as though they had seen all their kin afore them."

2388–95. Arthur's reply is omitted by Malory.

2402. Malory, xx, 15: "But liars ye have listened."

2466. **kelyon.** Caerleon on Usk, in southern Wales, near the Bristol Channel. Malory, xx, 18: "They sailed from Cardiff [near Caerleon] unto Benwick [cf. l. 2474]: some men call it Bayonne, and some men call it Beaune, where the wine of

Beaune is." In the *M.A.*, Lancelot and his companions sail from the kingdom of Logres (the name always given to England in the French romances) to the kingdom of Gaunes, and Bors is made King of Gaunes (cf. l. 2484). Gaunes is apparently Guienne, in southwestern France, in which is situated the city Bayonne, for Malory says, xx, 18: "and Sir Ector de Maris, that was Lancelot's youngest brother, he crowned him King of Benwick, and King of all Guienne, that was Sir Lancelot's own land." As a matter of fact, the geography of the romancers was very confused, and seems to have been largely a matter of names. Lancelot certainly takes a very roundabout route from Carlisle (northwestern England) to Bayonne (southwestern France), via Joyous Guard (northeastern England) and Caerleon (southern Wales).

2484. See note on l. 2466.

2550. See note on l. 79.

2556–87. There is nothing like this in the *M.A.* Malory apparently paraphrases our poem very closely.

2564–71. Malory, xx, 19: "Then spake King Bagdemagus to Sir Lancelot: Sir, your courtesy will shende us all, and thy courtesy has waked all this sorrow; for and they thus over our lands ride, they shall by process bring us all to nought, whilst we thus in holes us hide." Banndemagew is not mentioned in this place in *M.A.*, as he has already been killed by Gawaine before the great tournament at Winchester. Malory retains both the death (bk. XVII) and the conversation with Lancelot, here, — a characteristic slip!

2608. The maiden does not appear in *M.A.*; in her place an old woman, richly dressed and on a

white palfrey, warns Arthur of his folly in besieging the city of Gaunes. There is no preliminary negotiation for a truce; the battle begins at once. In Malory, the maiden is accompanied by a dwarf; see l. 2058.

2620 ff. Malory condenses greatly, and sacrifices much of the beauty of the picture.

2732. Unless he had foreseen their plan to attack.

2738–69. *M.A.* omits, and inserts a long account of Modred's treacherous behavior in England. Malory again follows our text closely.

2806. This is one of the earliest Gawaine myths, and is also told later of many other mediaeval knights. It probably originated in some Celtic Sun-Divinity myth.

2808. In *M.A.* and Malory, Lancelot does not know of Gawaine's magic power, but "as the French book saith, Sir Lancelot wende when he felt Sir Gawaine double his strength that he had been a fiend and no earthly man."

2830. goynge on hye. Not necessarily "going in haste," as Bruce interprets it, but merely "when I am not laid low."

2945–46. Here endeth Malory's twentieth book, and here beginneth his twenty-first, which continues to follow our romance closely. The *M.A.* differs markedly, inserting at this point an account of a Roman invasion, in which Arthur kills the Roman emperor, and Gawaine, after being fatally wounded, advises Arthur to make peace with Lancelot, and ask his aid.

2956. See note on l. 1681.

3010. nice. Originally "foolish" (Lat. *nescius*), so in Chaucer and here; then, "foolishly particular over trifles," "fastidious"; then, "trivial" (transference of sense to the trifles themselves), as in

Romeo and Juliet, v, ii, 18: "The letter was not nice, but full of charge." Then the idea of folly was lost, and **nice** began to signify "accurate," as, a **nice** observer, a **nice** distinction. Thus it passed into the sense of "good, excellent." See, Greenough and Kittredge, *Words and their Ways in English Speech.*

3018. Malory, XXI, 1: "And so the bishop departed, and did the cursing in the most orgulist wise that might be done."

3094. **barendowne.** Barham Down, in Kent, halfway between Dover and Canterbury.

3127. "They made a low mound over each." (?)

3133. In *M.A.* Gawaine asks to be buried with Gareth at Camelot. There follows a long description of his funeral and burial, and then an account of his appearing to Arthur in a dream, and urging peace with Lancelot. In Malory, Gawaine writes Lancelot a long letter before he dies, urging him to come to England to help Arthur.

3196. In *M.A.* the dream follows the appearance of Gawaine.

3228–3229. In *M.A.* there is no attempt at making a truce; Arthur insists upon meeting Modred at once.

3250. **Ihesus.** The manuscript has the common mediæval abbreviation **Ihc** (often written **IHC** or **IHS**), representing the Greek ΙΗΣ, the first two and the last letters of the name ΙΗΣΟΥΣ, Jesus. The more familiar form **IHS** has often been erroneously explained as standing for "Iesus Hominum Salvator" or "In Hoc Signo." See also note on l. 3302. Similarly the familiar abbreviation **XP** — often written as a monogram ☧ — is an abbreviation of the Greek ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ.

3259. Before all is decided; literally, by (the time that) all be dealt.

3261. Bruce's emendation seems unnecessary and undesirable, as it changes the meaning of the line, which is clear as it stands. **Lette** should be taken in the sense of "refrain from," not "allow."

3302. Above this line, at the top of the leaf in the manuscript, are the words **Ihu Merc. Ihu** stands for "Jesu," by analogy with **Ihc**, "Jesus," see note on l. 3250; **merc** is perhaps an abbreviation of "mercy."

3318. **The wyse.** The wise men, the leaders.

3335. See note on l. 79.

3357. The **fewtre** is the felt-lined socket in which a knight or man-at-arms carried the spear. Notice the omission of the subject in this sentence.

3376–77. According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, the founder of London (New Troy) and ancestor of the Britons was Brut or Brutus the Trojan, a great-grandson of Æneas. His adventures form the substance of Wace's *Roman de Brut*, which was translated and expanded into a poem of some 32,000 verses, by Laȝamon, the Englishman, about 1200. Notice the change in construction in the middle of the sentence. As the poet has neglected to supply a subject for the second half, we may insert "Brut."

3386. Bedevere does not appear in the *M.A.* His place is taken by Girflet, the traditional companion of Lucan.

3413. **Ihesu, for thy names sevyn.** Cf. *Towneley Plays, Secunda Pastorum*, 190: —

> Now, Lord, for thy names sevyn

I have been unable to discover what the seven names are, or whether this is anything more

than a conventional oath. Seven is the mystic number denoting perfection of power, as three denotes perfection of being.

3465. Evidently the source of Malory's great phrase: "I saw nothing but the waters wappe and the waves wanne." Cf. Tennyson's —

> I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
> And the wild water lapping on the crag.

There is no parallel in the *M.A.*

3474. Here our poet follows the *M.A.* Malory makes the second episode the counterpart of the first.

3490. **withouten Reste**: i.e., without the rest of the body. *M.A.* (p. 248): "il vit ke vne mains issi del lac, mais del cors de quoi le mains estoit ne vit il point."

3569. **Avmysbery**. Almesbury, in Salisbury Plain, halfway between Salisbury and Stonehenge.

3862–63. That is, he received the holy sacrament, the body of our Lord.

GLOSSARY

A

a, *adj.*, all, 2462. [Cf. modern Scotch; rare in ME.]
a, *conj.*, if, 2832; and, 2844. [Abbreviation of *and*.]
abbyte, *n.*, habit, 3793.
abought, see **abye**.
abyde, *v.*, *inf.*, await, 162, 628, 2811, 3091, 3655.
v., *inf.*, wait, 701, 3802.
abye, *v.*, *subj.*, suffer for, pay the penalty for, 1387; **abought**, *pret.*, 2523. [*a*-, prefix, = back + OE *bycgan* = to buy.]
acountres, *n.*, encounters, 1589.
adyght, *pp.*, equipped, 1545.
afrought, *pp.*, frightened, 2295, 2413.
agayne, *prep.*, towards, 709; before, opposite to, 2648, 2743. Cf. **agaynste** and **ageyne**.
agaynste, *prep.*, opposite, 3879.
ageyne, *prep.*, back, in opposite direction, 802; against, 238, 267, 913.
agilte, *pp.* wronged, sinned against, 915, 1322; **agulte**, *pret.*, 1154. [*a*-, intensive prefix, + OE. *gyltan* = to sin.]
agoo, *pp.*, gone, 149.
agulte, see **agilte**.
alblasters, *n.*, cross-bows, 2729. [OF. *alblastre*, Lat. *arcuballistra*.]
all, *adv.*, as, 3706. [Cf. also, of which this is a contraction, and as.]
also, *adv.*, as, 394, 549, 1576; with mere intensive force (cf. Lat. *quam* in *quam maximum*), 368, 531, 642, 674. [Cf. the contractions all and as; OE. *al* = all + *swa* = so.]
and, *conj.*, if, 161, 239, 1706, 2846, 3203.
antoure, see **aunter**.
apparayle, *n.*, equipment, 1748.
are, *adv.*, before, 291, 977. [Northern form of *ere*.]
armytes, *n.*, *gen.*, hermit's, 3950.
arne, *v. pres.*, are, 2206.

as, *adv.*, with mere intensive force (cf. Lat. *quam* in *quam maximum*), 488, 3705, 3713. [Contraction of **also**, q. v.; see also **all**.]

ascrye, *v.*, *inf.*, call upon, 2126.

assay, *v.*, *inf.*, discover, 300.

auauntement, *n.*, boast, 1617.

aught, *v.*, *pret.*, owned, 653. [Past tense of OE. **agan**, from which is derived *owe* and *own*.]

aunter, *n.*, adventure, 1875; **auntere**, 1903; **auntre**, 33; **antoure**, 1829; *plu.*, **auntres**, 719; **aunturs**, 3, 11, 19; **auntures**, 1906.

auter, *n.*, altar, 3439.

awaytes, *v. pres.*, keeps watch, 64. [OF. *awaitier*, to watch; cf. OF. *waite*, *gaite*, a guard. See also **waites**.]

awise, *v.*, *imp.*, advise, 2568.

ay, *pron.*, he, 110.

ay, *adv.*, ever, 1021.

ayther, *pron.*, each, 3301, 3595; **aythur**, 3278.

B

bale, *n.*, woe, sorrow, 1074, 3039.

baleffull, *adj.*, woeful, 3839.

batayles, *n.*, battalions, 3306.

bayne, *adj.*, ready, obedient, 1134 (?), 3217, 3315.

bayne, *pron.*, both, 991.

be, *conj.*, by the time that, 1861, 1957; **by**, 3080, 3259.

be, *n.*, bracelet or necklace, 3179; **bee**, 3419; **beghe**, 2625. [OE. *bēaȝ*, ring.]

becryed, *v.*, *pret.*, accused, 2774. Cf. **bycalle**.

bede, *v. inf.*, proclaim, 32, 41, 348.

v. inf., offer, 849, 1462, 3356; *pres.*, 3274. [OE. *bēodan*, to command or offer, Mod. E. *bid*.]

bedene, see **bydene**.

bee, see **be**.

beghe, see **be**.

begredde, *v.*, *pret.*, accused, 1812. [*be*, prefix, + OE. *grǣdan* to cry.]

beld, *n.*, relief, 3407.

belefte, see **beleve**.

beleue, *v.*, *inf.*, leave, 558; **byleve**, *pres.*, 3963.

beleve, *v.*, *inf.*, remain, 759; **belefte**, *pret.*, 1765; **byleft**, *pret.*, 60. Cf. **lefte**.

bemys, *n.*, *plu.*, trumpets, 2707.

bente, *n.*, field, 3359, 3374.

bere, *n.*, clamour, 2127.

besaunt, *n.*, bezant, a Byzantine coin worth from ten to twenty shillings, 3419; **besaunte**, 3179; *plu.*, **besauntis**, 3542.

besette, *pp.*, employed, 1412; **bysette**, 1568.

bethe, *v.*, *pres.*, are, 1825; *fut.*, shall be, 1727, *imp.*, be, 1881.

bette, *v.*, *pret.*, beat, 13.

biaute, *n.*, beauty, 125, 246, 1004.

blanne, see **blynne**.

ble, *n.*, color, complexion, face, 739; **blee**, 3504, 3779, 3876.

bloweth oute, *v.*, *pres.*, defame, expose, bring into discredit, 1517.

blyndis, *v.*, *pres.*, becomes blind, 311.

blynne, *v. inf.*, cease, stop, 37, 1824, 2999, 3039, 3727; *pp.*, 1691; **blanne**, *pret.*, 3364.

blythe, *adv.*, gladly, 1946, 3705. Perhaps confused with **blyve**, *q. v.*

blyve, *adv.*, quickly, 3706. [Originally two words, *bi* and *lif*, with life.]

boddyn, *pp.*, prayed, 2803. [Past participle of OE. *bēodan* (cf. **bede**) confused with and substituted for *pp.* of OE. *biddan*, to pray.]

bode, *n.*, message, 3468.

bode-word, *n.*, commandment, 3274.

boght, *pp.*, paid for, redeemed, 3009; **bought**, 470, 3483.

bold, *adj.*, sure, 3009, 3483; **bolde**, 3688.

bone, *n.*, prayer, request, 1126, 2803; **boone**, 3787, 3940.

bot, *conj.*, unless, 2073, 2252; **but**, 1148, 1431; **bot yif**, but if, unless, 199; **bot yife**, 2077; **bot yiffe**, 1346.

bote, *n.*, amends, 3486; remedy, 3303, 3407, 3840. [OE. *bōt*, boot; probably a derivative of the root *bat-*, good, useful, from which the comparative, *better*, is derived.]

bought, see **boght**.

bounte, *n.*, bounty, 125, 1739.

boure, *n.*, bower, private apartment, 1809, 2311, 3632.

bowne, *v.*, *pres.*, bound, spring, 3257.

bowne, *v.*, *pres.*, bow, 3175.
bowne, *adj.*, ready, prepared, 941, 2102, 2151, 2462, 2985.
brast, *v.*, *pret.*, burst, broke, 188; **braste**, 1343, 2178, 3077.
braundisshid, *v.*, *pret.*, moved, shook, 117.
brayed, *v.*, *pret.*, beat, struck, 3344.
breme, *adj.*, fierce, 229, 266, 951, 1600. [Origin unknown.]
brenne, *v.*, *inf.*, burn, 2507; **brent**, *pp.*, 3697; **brente**, *pret.*, 2537; *pp.*, 943, 1319.
brere, *n.*, rose-bush, 179, 724, 835.
browgh, *n.*, town, 2707.
burnys, *n.*, *gen. sing.*, stream's, 3619.
buske, *v.*, *inf.*, hasten, 349, 2505, 3427; **busked**, *pret.*, 699, 2462; **buskes**, *pres.*, 2525; **buskis**, *pres.*, 547, 553, 2715; **buskyd**, *pret.*, 2151, 2882; **buskyd**, *pp.*, prepared, 1808.
but, see **bot**.
by, *prep.*, in, 3. [Cf. Mod. E. *by day*, *by night*.]
by, *conj.*, see **be**.
by, *v.*, be, 34, 876; *subj.*, 1759, 3259.
bycalle, *v.*, *inf.*, accuse, 1553. Cf. **becry**.
bydene, *adv.*, together, 24, 49, 70, 546, 693; **bedene**, 1513, 1728.
bydyng, *n.*, bidding, 1134.
byforne, *prep.*, before, 3743.
byggyd, *pp.*, built, 3619. [ON. *byggja*, Mod. Sc. *big*, build.]
byggying, *n.*, building, 3767.
byheste, *n.*, offer, 3296.
byknow, *v.*, *inf.*, acknowledge, 916.
byleft, see **beleve**.
byleve, see **beleue**.
bymene, *v.*, *inf.*, mean, 856.
byrd, *n.*, bride, 2989; lady, 3632. [Mod. E. *bride*, by metathesis of *i* and *r*. In like manner, Mod. E. *bird* was ME. *brid*.]
bysette, see **besette**.
bytake, *v.*, *inf.*, deliver, hand over, 2283; *pres.*, 2346.

C

care, *n.*, trouble, 1424; **kare**, 2095; **carys**, *plu.*, 3905.
carefull, *adj.*, full of sorrow, 3777.
carys, see **care**.

case, *n.*, occurrence, 1129. [Lat. *casus.*]
caste, *v.*, *pret.*, turned, 3776.
chase, see **chese**.
chere, *n.*, expression, manner, 482, 540, 1729, 2129, 3140; mood, frame of mind, 183, 477, 726. [OF. *chiere*, face.]
chese, *v.*, *inf.*, choose, 2973; *pret.*, 419, 514, 2355, 2522, 3290; **chase**, *pret.*, 2957, 3561.
churlysshe, *adj.*, harsh, brutal, pertaining to a churl or serf, 1078.
clepis, *v.*, *pres.*, calls, summons, 106, 387, 2540; **clepid**, *pret.* 2668, 3606; **clepyd**, *pret.*, 1444, 3858. See **klepis**.
clerke, *n.*, cleric, churchman, scholar, 877, 3010.
clongyn, *pp.*, stiffened, shrunk, 751.
cloughe, *n.*, ravine, valley, 875; **cloughis**, *gen. sing.*, 893.
clyppe, *v.*, *inf.*, embrace, 3927; **clypped**, *pret.*, 1801; **clyppis**, *pres.*, 1547.
comely, *adv.*, in a seemly manner, 3781.
coloure, *n.*, complexion, face, 2816.
comsemente, *n.*, commencement, 1726. [*Comse* and *cumse* are common shortened forms of *commence* in ME.]
corage, *n.*, mind, spirit, 3777.
cordement, *n.*, accord, 2338, 2422, 2426.
corsse, *n.*, body, 2880.
corteise, *n.*, courtesy, nobleness, 2185, 2200.
corteise, *adj.*, courteous, noble, 2172; **corteyse**, 623; **courteyse**, 166.
coude, *v.*, *pret.*, knew, had knowledge of, 2892; **covde**, *pret.*, 2751; **cowde**, *pret.*, 3617, 3809; **covde**, *pret.*, was able, 3724; **cowde**, *pret.*, 3572.
courteyse, see **corteise**, *adj.*
couth, *v.*, *pret.*, could, 104; **couthe**, 223, 1446; **couthe**, *pret.*, knew, 1675, *pp.*, 2248.
covde, see **coude**.
cover, *v.*, *inf.*, recover, 3733; **coveryd**, *pp.*, 3134, 3736.
cowde, see **coude**.
crafte, *n.*, skill, 370.
crafty, *adj.*, skillful, learned, 877.
craftely, *adv.*, skillfully, 390.
cryand, *pr. p.*, crying, 3410.
crye, *n.*, pack, crowd of people, 44. [Originally the yelping of a

pack of hounds, then the pack itself, and finally any pack of people.]

curte, *n.*, court, 1411.

D

dale, *v. inf.*, deal, 1076; **dalte**, *pp.*, dealt, decided, 3259; **daltyn**, *pret.*, dealt, 2897.

dare, *v.*, *inf.*, fear, 2575. [Known from about 1200; not found in OE., nor in any early Teutonic language.]

dede, *n.*, deeds, prowess, 493; *phrase*, **in dede**, in truth, 1119.

dede, *n.*, death, 911; dead man, 3125.

dede, *adj.*, dead, 385, 686, 694.

dede, *v.*, *pret.*, did, put, 1654.

deffend, *v.*, *inf.*, prohibit, 3049.

dele, *n.*, bit, portion, 2790.

departe, *v.*, *fut.*, divide, 3704; **departith**, *pres.*, divides, scatters, 417; **departed**, *pp.*, 743.

dere, *n.*, injury, harm, 839, 3704.

dere, *v.*, *inf.*, to do harm, 2896.

derfe, *adj.*, bold, brave, 2607.

dese, *n.*, daïs, 1516; **desse**, 2259.

devoyede, *v.*, *imp.*, avoid, leave, 1167.

deynge, *n.*, dying, 1047.

dight, *v. inf.*, prepare, make ready, 167, 1874, 2134, 2450; tend, treat, 326, 717; *pp.*, prepared, 142, 254, 573; **dyghte**, *pp.*, 3687; **dyght**, *pp.*, clothed, 2049.

do, *v.*, *inf.*, cause to, 1003; **done**, *inf.*, 129; **done**, *inf.*, do, 1122; **done**, *pp.*, caused, 1664, 2328; **dothe**, *imp.*, put, 3883; **dyd**, *pret.*, caused, 341, 876, 1121, 2048; **dyd**, *pret.*, put, 3793, 3950; **dyde**, *pret.*, put, 1794, 3224.

doelle, *see* **duell**.

dolwyn, *pp.*, buried, 3604. [Pp. of *delve*.]

dome, *n.*, judgment, command, 2260; **domys**, plu., 2482; **domys day**, judgment day, 3661.

done, see **do**.

dore, *v.*, *inf.*, dare, 238.

dostow, dost thou, 69.

dothe, see **do**.

drake, *n.*, dragon, 2607.

drayne, *pp.*, drawn, 859, 1997, 2164, 3014, 3325.

drechyd, *pp.*, troubled in sleep, 1869. [OE. *dreccean*; unknown in other Teutonic languages.]

drede, *n.*, fear, 2607.

drede, *adj.*, afraid, 909.

drede, *v.*, *inf.*, fear, 912, 1388; *pres.*, 71; *imp.*, 498.

dreghe, *adj.*, great, mighty, 2621. [Commoner spelling *dree.*]

droughe, *v.*, *pret.*, designed, carved, 877.

droupe, *v.*, *inf.*, flag, tire, 2575.

dryhe, *adj.*, far off, 2826. [Commoner spelling *dree*, cf. **dreghe.**]

duelle, *n.*, sorrow, grief, 1971, 2125, 2244; **dwelle**, 2458; **doelle**, 682, 873. [OF. *doel*, Mod. F. *deuil*.]

dulfully, *adv.*, dismally, 2000.

dwelle, *n.*, see **duelle**.

dwelle, *v.*, *inf.*, stop, stay, 1769, 1776, 1793.

dwellynge, *n.*, remaining, staying, 80.

dyd, **dyde**, see **do**.

dyght, **dyghte**, see **dight**.

dynte, *n.*, stroke, 470, 484, 503; **dyntis**, *plu.*, 1076.

dyskere, *v.*, *inf.*, discover, 754, 1735. [OF. *descuevre*, ME. *diskever* and *diskere*.]

E

eche, *for* he?, 3807.

edder, *n.*, adder, 3341. [OE. *nædre*; cf. adder, l. 3345. The initial *n* was lost after 1300, through the erroneous division of *a naddre* as *an addre*; so with Mod. E. *apron*, akin to *napery*, *napkin*, etc.]

efte, *adv.*, again, 2209.

eme, *n.*, uncle, 1681; **eme-is**, *gen. sing.*, 2960.

endris, *adj.*, former, 1017. [ON. *endr*, formerly; OE. *end*, *adv.*, formerly; common ME. form *ender*.]

entayle, *n.*, quality, form, 975; character, nature, 2300; rank, 3273.

enterdite, *v.*, *inf.*, interdict, 2253; **enterdyt**, *pp.*, 2284; **enterdyted**, *pp.*, 2268.

er, *conj.*, ere, 2013.

eueryche, *pron.*, every (one) 3187; euerychone, every one, 2364.
eylythe, *v.*, *pres.*, aileth, 3884.
eyne, *n.*, *plu.*, eyes, 3435. Cf. yen.

F

falle, *pp.*, happened, 1159; fallys, *pres.*, befits, 1119; fell, *pret.*, was proper, 1122; felle, *pret.*, happened, 888, 3834.
fame, *n.*, reputation, 1101.
fande, *v.*, *inf.*, go, visit, 2498.
fantyse, *n.*, fancy, 2547.
fare, *n.*, action, "doings," 945.
fare, *v.*, *inf.*, go, 156, 222, 800.
fasowne, *n.*, fashion, 2531.
faste, *v.*, *inf.*, to make fast, 3324.
fauoure, *n.*, grace, submission, 2286.
fayne, *adj.*, glad, 604, 707, 3200.
fee, *n.*, property, 2719.
fele, *adj.*, many, 6, 2019, 2157.
fell, felle, *v.*, see falle.
felle, *adj.*, fierce, 888.
ferd, *adj.*, afraid, 3184.
fere, *n.*, companion, company; ferys, *plu.*, 3830; *phrase*, in fere, together, 2222, 3282, 3402, 3702.
fere, *adj.*, strong, 411, 552.
ferly, *adv.*, wonderfully, 6, 3176.
ferre, *adv.*, far, 134, 332.
ferys, see fere.
fette, *pp.*, fetched, 1067, 3167.
fewtred, *pp.*, 3357, see note.
fleme, *v.*, *inf.*, reject, 2673; flemyd, *pret.*, banished, 3560; flemyd, *pp.*, 3755.
fold, *v.*, *inf.*, crouch, 99.
folde, *n.*, ground, 3549.
folde, *v.*, yield, 2547.
folyd, *pp.*, fooled, 402.
folyse, *n.*, *plu.*, follies, 2735.
fomyd, *v.*, *pret.*, foamed, 3441.
fone, *n. plu.*, foes, 3211.

fone, *adj.*, few, 2378.

fone, *v.*, see **fonge**.

fonge, *v.*, *inf.*, receive, 3503; **fone**, *pret.*, grasped, 1796. [OE. *fōn*, common ME. form, *fang.*]

for, *conj.*, since, because, 293, 695, 2216.

forbled, *pp.*, covered with blood or exhausted from loss of blood, 3434.

forbrende, *pp.*, burned up, 1666; **forbrent**, 1925.

foreward, *n.*, agreement, promise, 3302; **forward**, 3695; **forwardys**, *plu.*, 2673, 3270, 3324.

forlorne, *pp.*, lost, 3209. Cf. **lorne**.

forne, *prep.*, for, 3557.

forsette, *v.*, *pret.*, guarded, 3046.

forthy, *conj.*, therefore, 104, 1088, 1141, 2394, 2408.

forthynke, *v.*, *inf.*, repent, 2737; **forthynketh**, *pres.*, 3849.

forward, **forwardys**, *n.*, see **foreward**.

forwery, *adj.*, tired out, 2901.

forwhy, *conj.*, wherefore, 33; because, 97, 1792; provided that, 389, in order that, 2617.

forwondred, *pp.*, much astonished, 2730.

foryelde, *v.*, *subj.*, requite, 1548.

found, *v.*, *inf.*, try, strive, 1068; **founde**, 3229; **foundis**, *imp.*, 2551; **founde**, *inf.*, go, 1593; **fownde**, 3513; **found**, *inf.*, rush 3391; **founde**, 1965, **fownd**, 2553; **founde**, *inf.*, strike, 2159; **fownd**, *inf.*, establish, 2551.

fownd, see **found**.

fre, *adj.*, noble (stock epithet of compliment), 75, 90, 210.

frele, *adj.*, frail, 2300.

frely, *adv.*, noble (stock epithet of compliment), 2939, 3121, 3131, 3329.

frely, *adv.*, very, 3772.

freste, *adv.*, first, 1151; **friste**, 149, 736. [For metathesis of *i* and *r*, cf. **byrd**.]

freyned, *v.*, *pret.*, asked, 678. [OE. **fregnan**, ME. **frayne**, Ger. **fragen**.]

friste, see **freste**.

G

gabbe, *v.*, *inf.*, lie, slander, 1147, 1156; **gabbyd**, *pret.*, 1105, 1132, 1138.

galeis, *n.*, *plu.*, galleys, 2531; galeyse, 3052.

galle, *n.*, poison, 1654.

gam, *n.*, sport, joy, 96; game, 430, 3164; gamme, 611; games, *plu.*, 3079; gamys, 3227.

gan, *v.*, *pret.*, *literally* began, but used before the active infinitive as a mere auxiliary, = Mod. E. *did*, 116, 118, 184, 197, 222; ganne, 143, 438; gon, 357, 576, 621, 713; gonne, 99, 139, 192, 249; gonne, pp., begun, 1780.

gatys, *phrase* thus gatys, in this way, 1712.

gayne, *adj.*, straight, 1904. [ON. *gegn*, straight; occurs but once in OE.]

gaynes, *v. pres.*, profits, 1071.

gere, *n.*, possessions, 3736.

glad, *v.*, *inf.*, rejoice, 3227.

gledde, *pp.*, clothed, 3172. [Variant of *cled*, pp. of *clead*, to clothe.]

glede, *n.*, fire, 780, 2742, 2793.

glente, *v.*, *pret.*, glided, 3493. [From *glent*, to move quickly with gliding motion; related to Ger. *glänzen*, to shine, but application to light is secondary.]

glewe, *n.*, sport, jests, 1164. [Supplanted in 16th century by parallel form, *glee*.]

gleyves, *n.*, *plu.*, spears, 3078, 3096. [Mod. E. *glaive*.]

glode, *v.*, *pret.*, glided, 3341.

go, *v.*, *inf.*, walk, 431.

gon, gonne, see gan.

gonfanoune, *n.*, a small flag attached to a knight's spear, immediately below the head, 2153, 2464; gonfanowne, 2886, 3096; gounfanoune, 2104.

grande, *v.*, *inf.*, grant, 2318.

graythes, *v. pres.*, equips, fits out, 2530; graythid, *pret.*, 2739.

gre, *n.*, prize, 48; gree, 2409.

gredde, *v.*, *pret.*, grasped, 1838.

grede, *v.*, *inf.*, shout, cry, 791, 1390; gredys, *pres.*, accuse, 1572.

gree, see gre.

gremly, *adv.*, grimly, bitterly, 2457; grymly, 1511, 3097.

gretlyche, *adv.*, greatly, 1152.

grounden, *pp.*, sharpened, 3078.

grymly, see **gremly**.
grysely, *adv.*, terribly, 2912.
gynne, *n.*, trick, 3037.

H

hailsed, *v.*, *pret.*, greeted, 2632.
haldys, *v.*, *pres.*, holds, takes, 89.
hale, *n.*, hall, 1078.
han, *v.*, *pres.*, have, 2417; **hanne**, 3209.
happe, *n.*, chance, 831.
hastow, hast thou, 3507.
hede, *v.*, *inf.*, heed, care for, 1417.
hedyr, *adv.*, hither, 134.
held, *v.*, *inf.*, incline, 184; yield, 261; **helde**, 2141.
hele, *n.*, salvation, 3655.
hele, *v. inf.*, conceal, 143, 466, 1173, 1678, 2967.
hem, *pron.*, them, 1464, 1855, 1901. [The scribe who copied ll. 1–1902 used exclusively the Northern forms *them* and *theym*; the second scribe, who finished the poem, was apparently a Southerner, for he used the Southern forms exclusively. Cf. **her**.]
hend, *adj.*, courteous (a stock epithet of compliment), 110, 166, 541, 596; **hende**, 561, 2469.
hend, *adv.*, near, 332.
hendely, *adv.*, courteously, 600, 2710, 2853.
hent, *pp.*, taken, 3023; **hente**, *pret.*, 1037, 2853.
her, *pron.*, their, 2481, 2543; **hyr**, 2471, 2474. [Cf. **hem**; first scribe uses exclusively Northern forms, *their* and *there*, second scribe, *her* and *hyr*.]
heraude, *n.*, herald, 354; **heraudis**, *plu.*, 341.
herse, *n.*, a framework to hold candles over a coffin, 3532.
hest, *n.*, vow, promise, 2688; **heste**, 2660, 2697, 3686.
hette, *pp.*, see **hight**.
heuys, *v. pres.*, lifts, 1998.
hewe, *v.*, *pret.*, struck blows, 2171.
hight, *v.*, *pret.*, was called, 93; **highte**, 883, **hyght**, 1474; **hyght**, *pp.*, called, 138; **hyghte**, 2487; **hyght**, *v.*, *pres.*, is called, 3000, **hyght**, *pp.*, promised, 1147, 3252, **hette**, *pp.*, promised, 2697.
hode, *n.*, head, 277; **hood**, 309.

hold, *n.*, castle, 3589.
holden, *pp.*, held, considered, 123.
holly, *adv.*, wholly, 935, 945; **holyche**, 3826.
holtes, *n.*, *plu.*, groves, 3575; **holtys**, 3029, 3521.
holyche, see **holly**.
holys, *n.*, *plu.*, holes, 2571.
hood, see **hode**.
hope, *v.*, *pres.*, think, 490, 1491, 3543.
hore, *adj.*, old, grey, 314, 3029, 3521.
hornys, *n.*, *gen. plu.*, horns', 2127.
houyd, see **hovid**.
hovid, *v.*, *pret.*, lingered, 259; **houyd**, 2622. [From *hove*, derivation unknown, superseded by *hover*.]
hyde, *n.*, color, 3757. [Used in this sense only in phrase *hide and hue*.]
hyght, see **hight**.
hynge, *v.*, *pret.*, hung, 2626.
hyr, see **her**.
hyrtylle, *adv.*, up to this time, 1780.
hyt, *pron.*, it, 3488, 3598; **hytte**, 3711, 3834.

I

ibente, *pp.*, striped, banded, 1035.
iche, *pron.*, each, 1561, 1685, 2367, 3761; *phrase*, **on iche a syde**, on each side, on every side, 1646, 2090, 2109, 2504. See note on l. 1561.
ichone, *pron.*, each one, 419, 627.
idighte, *pp.*, prepared, 610.
imanased, *pp.*, menaced, threatened, 479. [ME. prefix *i-* or *y-* represents the OE. pp. prefix *ge-*; cf. Ger. *ge-*.]
imaryd, *v.*, *pret.*, marred, 3360.
inchessoun, *n.*, occasion, reason, 56, 1030.
inoughe, *adj.*, enough, 2677. [OE. *genōg*.]
irade, *pp.*, read, 2651.
iwysse, *adv.*, surely, 3635. [OE. *gewis*.]

K

kare, see **care**.
kende, see **kenne**.

kene, *adj.*, bold, 803, 955, 1385.
kene, *v.*, see **kenne**.
kenne, *v.*, *inf.*, know, 175; **kende**, *pret.*, 3043; **kene**, *pret.*, 1697.
kepe, *v.*, *inf.*, watch, guard, 3196; **kepit**, *pret.*, heeded, 102.
kest, *v.*, *pret.*, cast, 3510; **keste**, *pret.*, 3188; **keste**, *pp.*, 455.
kithe, see **kythe**.
klepis, *v.*, *pres.*, calls, 816; **klepitte**, *pret.*, 191; **klepyd**, *pret.*, 536. See **clepis**.
knowistow, knowest thou, 107.
knowlache, *v.*, *pres.*, acknowledge, confess, 3638.
kyd, **kydde**, see **kythe**.
kynd, *n.*, kin, family, 1005.
kythe, *v.*, *inf.*, declare, make known, show, 1441, 1611, 1774, 2481, 2744; **kythe**, *pp.*, 3598; **kithe**, *inf.*, 533; **kyd**, *pret.*, 2751; **kydde**, *pret.*, 2892.

L

lade, *pp.*, lead, 1506.
layne, *n.*, concealment, 602, 1964, 3204.
layne, *v.*, *inf.*, conceal, 989, 1026, 2650, 3591.
leche, *n.*, physician, 200, 368; **lechis**, *plu.*, 325.
lechynge, *n.*, medical treatment, 2860, 3507.
lede, *n.*, land, 653, 2659; man, 3163; lead, 3738.
lede, *v.*, *inf.*, carry, 1117, 2637; to lead his life, 3948.
lees, see **lese**.
leff, *adj.*, dear, 1.
lefte, *v.*, *pret.*, remained, 53. See **beleve**.
lelyest, *adv.*, most loyally, 1066.
leman, *n.*, lover or mistress, 582; **lemman**, 586, 605, 637. [Early ME. *leof*, dear (cf. **leff**, above) and *man*.]
lemyd, *v.*, *pret.*, shone, 1471, 3308, 3586.
lend, *v.*, *inf.*, stay, rest, 565, 617, 1007, 3824; **lende**, 1668, 2590, 3059, 3210; **lente**, *pret.*, 988; **lente**, *pp.*, 1553, 1945, 2277, 2727.
lende, *v.*, *inf.*, land, 2473.
lene, *v.*, *inf.*, lend, grant, 1464.
lenge, *v.*, *inf.*, stay, 3276, 3556.
lenger, *adv.*, longer, 40, 162.
lente, *v.*, *inf.*, give, 3693; *pp.*, 1323. See also **lend** and **lene**.

lere, *n.*, face, cheek, 3624; **lerys**, *plu.*, 3832; **leyre**, *sing.*, 475.
lere, *n.*, learning, 521.
lere, *v.*, *inf.*, *learn*, 641.
les, see **lese**, *n.*
lese, *n.*, lie, deceit, 423, 992, 1518, 2255; **lees**, 276, 299, 512; **les**, 2353.
lese, *v.*, *subj.*, lose, 3415.
lesynge, *n.*, lying, 1004, 1043, 2728, 3550.
let, see **lette**, *v.*
lete, *v.*, *inf.*, let fall, 1511.
lette, *n.*, hindrance, 2695. [Survives in modern legal phrase, *without let or hindrance*, and in the expression "*let!*" in tennis.]
lette, *v.*, with infinitive, signifying to bring a thing about, cause it to happen, 2985, 3028; **let**, 2978; **lett**, 41.
lette, *v. inf.*, hinder, 205, 2441, 2617, 3163; cease, stop, 201, 665, 2089.
leue, *adj.*, dear, 3204, 3412. Cf. **leff**.
leue, *v.*, *inf.*, live, 3203; **leve**, 3557.
leue, *v.*, *imp.*, grant, 3556.
leuer, *adv.*, liefer, more gladly, 3739; **levir**, 378. See note to l. 378.
leueste, *adj.*, most lief, most glad, most anxious, 2473; **leveste**, 3059. See **leuer** and note to l. 378.
leuyd, *pp.*, left, 2820, 3380, 3744; **levyd**, *pp.*, 3383; **levyd**, *pret.*, 2824.
levande, *pr. p.*, living, 2840.
leve, **leveste**, see **leue**.
levir, see **leuer**, and note to l. 378.
leviste, *v.*, *pres.*, dost leave, 748.
levyd, see **leuyd**.
levyn, *n.*, lightning, 3308, 3586.
leyre, see **lere**.
liggys, *v.*, *pres.*, lies, 1730.
loggen, *v.*, *pres.*, lodge, 1901.
lokyd, *pp.*, enclosed, 2620.
lone, *n.*, concealment, 1124. Cf. **layne**, *n.*
longede, *v.*, *pret.*, belonged, 1106.
lore, *n.*, learning, 3966.
loreme, *n.*, trappings, 1471. [Variant of *lorain*.]
lorne, *pp.*, lost, 1389, 3117, 3331. Cf. **forlorne**.

loughe, *adj.*, blazing, 1594. [Formed from *n. low* or *loghe*, flame.]
lust, *v.*, *pret.*, desired, 815.
lyand, *pr. p.*, lying, 2824.
lyghte, *n.*, *plu.*, windows, 874.
lykynge, *n.*, pleasure, 3702.
lymmys, *n.*, *plu.*, limbs, 101.
lyn, n., flesh, 3832. [OE. *lynd.*]
lythe, *v.*, *inf.*, listen, 676, 869, 1479, 1772, 1942.
lyuand, *pr. p.*, living, 2441; lyvand, 949; lyvande, 2667.

M

make, *n.*, match, equal, 1062; mate, wife, 3668. [OE. *gemaca*, an equal.]
make, *v.*, *subj.*, bring tó pass, 199.
manerys, *n. plu.*, customs, 2060.
mare, *adj.*, more, 2052.
marred, *adj.*, bewildered, troubled, 3189.
may, *n.*, maid, 196; **maye**, 1107.
mayne, *n.*, strength, 269, 2122, 3219. [OE. *mægn;* survives in Mod. E. phrase, *might and main.*]
mede, *n.*, reward, 3679.
mekelle, **mekill**, **mekylle**, see **mykell**.
mene, *v.*, *inf.*, tell, speak, 22, 727, 1686; *pres.*, 2380, 2420, 3959; **mente**, *pret.*, 3932; **ment**, *pp.*, 3695.
mene, *v.*, *inf.*, remember, 3729; lament, 3861.
merely, *adv.*, merrily, 3856.
mese, *n.*, mess, course, 1512.
message, *n.*, ambassador, 2256; *phrase*, in **message**, 2050, on **message**, 2061, as an ambassador.
meyne, *n.*, company, 2039. [More commonly spelled **meinie**.]
mo, *pron.*, more, *in the sense of* others, 190, 587, 1699.
mochelle, *adj.*, great, 1496. [Form of *mickle*; see **mykell**.]
mode, *n.*, mind, heart, 386, 660, 762, 1178, 1554.
mold, *n.*, earth, ground, 707, 3459, 3684; **molde**, 1615, 3300; **moldys**, *plu.*, 3545.
moldys, see **mold**.
mon, *v.*, *pres. 1 sing.*, must, 3230.
moste, *adj.*, greatest, 3212.

moste, *v. pres.*, *2 sing.*, must, 201; *pres.*, *3 sing.*, 916; *pres.*, *2 plu.*, 3216, 3220.
motte, *v.*, *pres.*, may, am permitted, 3207.
mow, *v.*, *pres.*, may, 1114; **mowe**, 1140.
myche, *adj.*, much, 96, 722, 3861.
mychelle, see **mykell**.
mykell, *adj.* and *adv.*, great, much, many, 8, 178, 184; **mykelle**, 1560, 1675; **mykyll**, 1690; **mychelle**, 1749; **mekill**, 269; **mekelle**, 1528; **mekylle**, 1424.
myngyd, *v.*, *pret.*, disturbed, 3933. [Variant of *mengyd.*]
mynne, *v.*, *inf.*, remind, 169.
mysse, *n.*, sin, 3677.

N

nad, *v.*, *pret.*, ne had, had not, 1699; **nade**, 1410.
nan, *adv.*, none, not at all, 1149.
nas, *v.*, *pret.*, ne was, was not, 579.
ne, *adv.*, not, 76, 98.
nedelyngis, *adv.*, necessarily, 753.
nedysse, *adv.*, needs, necessarily, 2811.
neghe, *adv.*, nigh, 1716.
nelle, *v.*, ne will, will not, 1790; **nyll**, 2077; **nylle**, 823.
nere, *v.*, *pret.*, ne were, were not, 411.
nerehand, *adv.*, nearly, 2898.
neuyne, see **nevyn**.
nevyn, *v.*, *inf.*, name, tell, 3197, 3304, 3823; **neuyne**, 2582; **newyn**, 3409.
newyn, see **nevyn**.
nold, *v.*, ne would, would not, 128, 633, 701; **nolde**, 1109, 2173.
nome, *v.*, *pret.*, took, 2258, 2374.
nonne, *n.*, nun, 3569; **nonnys**, *gen. sing.*, 3625; **nonnys**, *nom. plu.*, 3635.
noon, *pron.*, none, no one, 638, 3107.
note, *v.*, *pres.*, ne wot, know not, 3426.
novther, *adj.*, neither, 2721.
nyee, *adv.*, nigh, 3183.
nyghe, *v.*, *inf.*, approach, 2133, 3183, 3444; **nyghed**, *pret.*, 3874.
nyll, **nylle**, see **nelle**.
nys, *v.*, *pres.*, ne is, is not, 2011.

nyse, *adj.*, nice, silly, 3010.
nyste, *v.*, *pret.*, ne wiste, knew not, 616, 856.

O

o, *adj.*, one, 1593, 1602, 2173.
obbyte, *n.*, habit, 3763.
ofdrayne, *pp.*, drawn off, 1850. Cf. **drayne**.
ofshere, *v.*, *inf.*, cut off, 213.
one, *excl.*, on! 3111.
onys, *adv.*, once, 691.
or, *conj.*, ere, 78, 526, 983, 2856.
ordeyne, *v.*, *inf.*, plan, 961, 2510, 2542; **ordeyned**, *pret.*, 959.
ore, *n.*, mercy, 1344, 3484.
ore, *n.*, oar, 3071.
ore, *adv.*, formerly, 1740, 2202, 3717.
other, *conj.*, or, 1107; **othyr**, *adj.*, other, 1107.
ouereste, *adj.*, topmost, 846.
ought, *adv.*, aught, very, 526, 983.

P

palle, *n.*, rich cloth, 2712.
paramoure, *adv.*; *phrase* **to love paramoure**, to be in love with, 1021.
paraylle, *n.*, apparel, 2614.
pas, *n.*, gait, 1897.
payne, *n.*, torture, 1649.
payned, *v.*, *pret.*, strove, 950.
pight, *pp.*, pitched, 2614; **pyghte**, 2623.
playnethe, *v.*, *pres.*, complaineth, lamenteth, 1143.
playnte, *n.*, lament, 1056.
praste, see **preste**, *adj.*
prees, *n.*, press, crowd, retinue, 280, 722; **pres**, 2351; **prese**, 303, 2495; **presse**, 244; **prese**, hurry, 518.
pres, prese, presse, see **prees**.
presons, *v.*, *pres.*, imprisonest, 1853.
preste, *n.*, priest, 3827.
preste, *adj.*, ready, eager, 2716, 3151; **praste**, 3326.
presythe, *v.*, *imp.*, press, 3326.

preuely, *adv.*, secretly, 830; **prewely**, 1767.
prewely, see **preuely**.
previte, *n.*, private affairs, 657.
pride, *n.*, glory, splendour, 38, 52, 308, 699, 1471; **pryde**, 141, 630, 735, 2105, 2459.
proferys, *v.*, *pres.*, offers, 2053.
pryme, *n.*, the first hour of the day, 3885.
pryse, *adj.*, "prize," *i.e.*, of high rank, desirable, 1111.
pyghte, see **pight**.
pyte, *n.*, pity, 2115.

Q

quere, *n.*, choir, 3138, 3902.
queste, *n.*, a judicial inquiry, 919, 925, 1320.
quite, *adj.*, free, clear, 490.
quytes, *v.*, *pres.*, requites, 2292.

R

radde, see **rede**.
randowne, *n.*, speed, violence, 2750, 2888. [*A great randon* (OF. *a grant randon*), a common ME. adverbial phrase, signifying *violently, at great speed.* Cf. Mod. E. *at random.*]
rape, *v.*, *inf.*, hasten, 2664; **rappe**, 3613.
rappe, see **rape**.
raught, *v.*, *pret.*, started up, 3191.
ravysshyd, *pp.*, entranced, 3912.
rayed, *v.*, *pret.*, prepared, 2720, 3306.
rayke, *v.*, *inf.*, rush, 3373.
rayled, *pp.*, adorned, 3531. [OF. *reiller*, Lat. *regulare.*]
rayne, *n.*, kingdom, 1980, 3223.
rease, **reasse**, see **rese**.
recomforte, *v.*, *inf.*, soothe, comfort, 1499; **recoumforte**, *imp.*, 1493.
rede, *n.*, advice, plan, 907, 1113, 3740.
rede, *adj.*, red, 176, 179.
rede, *v.*, *inf.*, direct, advise, tell, 1416, 2311; *pres.*, 168, 232, 855, 1776; **radde**, *pret.*, 3430.
rede, *v.*, *pres.*, read, 2956; *inf.*, 3897.
reden, *v.*, *pret.*, rode, 313.

releve, *v.*, *imp.*, deliver, 3112.
reme, *n.*, realm, 2512, 2519, 2520, 3666.
rente, *n.*, revenue, income, 2018.
rese, *n.*, rush, attack, 1861, 1957, 2690; **resse**, 2905; **rease**, 2909, 2961; **reasse**, 2732, 3258. [OE. *ræs*, whence Mod. E. *race*.]
resse, *n.*, journey, pilgrimage, 2664. See also **rese**.
rewdyste, *v.*, *pret.*, didst have pity, 3945.
rigge, *n.*, back, 2178.
right, *adj.* and *adv.*, straight, straightway, 161, 620.
roddys, see **rode**.
rode, *n.*, color, cheek, 179; **roddys**, *plu.*, 3956.
rode, *n.*, rood, cross, 764, 1350, 1392, 2880.
roffe, *v.*, *pret.*, rived, split, 3372.
roo, *n.*, rest, 3614. [ON. *rō*, Ger. *Ruh*.]
rought, *v.*, *pret.*, recked, 3522.
rownd, *adj.*, brisk, 3805.
rowne, *n.*, speech, cry, 3510.
rowne, *v.*, *inf.*, speak, 3423.
rowte, *n.*, company, band, 3363; **rowtes**, *plu.*, 3373.
ryalle, *adj.*, royal, 1077.
ryche, *n.*, kingdom, 2905, 3258. [OE. *rīce*, Ger. *Reich*; survives in Mod. Eng. in suffixes *-ric*, *-rick*, *-ry*, as in *bishopric*, *Frederick*, *Henry*.]
rydand, *pr. p.*, riding, 1555.
ryffe, *adj.*, rife, 1825.
ryghtwosse, *adj.*, righteous, 3740.

S

sad, *adj.*, satisfied, weary, 716; **sadde**, 461.
saff, *v.*, *infin.*, save, 200.
salowes, see **salues**.
salued, see **salues**.
salues, *v.*, *pres.*, salutes, 68, 735, 737; **salowes**, *pres.*, 2376; **salued**, *pret.*, 396.
samen, *adv.*, together, 2154, 2392.
samytte, *n.*, samite, a rich silk fabric, 2056. [OF *samit*, Lat. *examitum*, six-threaded, from Gr. *ἕξ*, six, and *μίτος*, thread; cf. *dimity*, *lit.* two-threaded.]

sangrayle, *n.*, the Holy Grail, 10. [Often written *sangreal* in OF. and ME., because of supposed etymology, *sang real*. Real etymology, *Saint Graal*, the holy dish or cup, Lat. *gradalis*, corruption of *cratella*, diminutive of *crater*.]

sanzfayle, *adv.*, without fail, surely, 971.

saue, *v.*, *pret.*, saw, 1469.

saumbues, *n.*, saddle-cloths, 2360.

sawes, *n.*, *plu.*, speeches, tales, 1151, 3251.

sayne, *v.*, *inf.*, say, 861, 3319; *pp.*, declared, 2872.

scauberke, *n.*, scabbard, 3471, 3474. [OF. *escauberc*.]

scryved, *v.*, *pret.*, opened, 382; *pp.*, 407. [OF. *escrevre*, Lat. *excrepare*; common ME. form, *screeve*.]

seche, *v.*, *inf.*, seek, 437, 3021.

see, *n.*, seat, 2693.

seke, *adj.*, sick, 54, 158, 173.

sekenyd, *v.*, *pret.*, sickened, 3835.

sekereste, *adj.*, surest, most trustworthy, 2518. Cf. **syker**.

sekeryd, *v.*, *pret.*, made sure, confirmed, 2331.

sekerynge, *n.*, assurance, 2322.

sely, *adv.*, very, 3387, 3482, 3835.

semblant, *n.*, appearance, 659.

semely, *adj.*, beautiful (one), 639; **semly**, 2375.

sene, *v.*, *inf.*, see, 725.

sengle, *adv.*, unusually, 1795.

sente, *n.*, assent, 2278.

sethe, see **sithe**.

sey, *v.*, *pret.*, saw, 3417.

shape, *v.*, *inf.*, make, form, 1386; *pp.*, 1470.

shende, *n.*, shame, 1664.

shende, *pp.*, disgraced, injured, 3230; **shent**, 2913; **shente**, 1321, 2273; **shente**, *pp.*, ruined, 1724.

shene, *adj.*, fair, bright, 51, 736, 1515, 2384.

shent, shente, see **shende**.

shore, *pp.*, shorn, 84.

shoure, *n.*, attack, 3000. [OS. *skūr*, battle, OE. *scūr*, shower; cf. Lat. *obscurus*.]

shredde, *n.*, strips, 2358.

shredde, *v.*, *inf.*, cut, 2563.

shuldistow, shouldst thou, 797.

shynand, *pr. p.*, shining, 973.

sighe, *v.*, *pret.*, saw, 706.

sithe, *conj.*, since, 126, 134, 209, 234, 745; **sethe**, 2184, 2903, 2907; **sythe**, 3376.

sithe, *adv.*, then, 398, 678, 719; **sithen**, 614.

sithes, *n.*, see **sythe**.

sitte, *n.*, sorrow, trouble, 497; **syttes**, *plu.*, 870.

slee, *adj.*, sly, 3421.

slo, *v.*, *inf.*, slay, 1527, 2100, 2188; **sloo**, 1411, 1841, 2881; **slough**, *pret.*, slew, 879.

slough, see **slo**.

smoke, *n.*, smock, 1951.

snelle, *adj.*, quick, active, 790, 884, 2234.

softe, *adj.*, gentle, slow, 1897.

sokerynge, *n.*, succor, help, 3674.

sond, *n.*, message, 3675; **sound**, 3562.

sorow, *n.*, fear, anxiety, 474.

soth, *n.*, truth, 60, 396; **sothe**, 93, 226.

sought, *v.*, *pret.*, went, 2952; *pp.*, traveled; **was sought**, see note on l. 3376; **sowght**, 2419.

sound, see **sond**.

sowght, see **sought**.

sowne, *n.*, sound, speech, 2155, 3514.

spede, *v.*, *inf.*, prosper, 235, 1115.

spelle, *v.*, *inf.*, talk, 3024, 3722.

speryd, *v. pret.*, fastened, 2997.

spill, *v.*, *inf.*, perish, come to ruin, 23. [OE. *spillan*, to destroy.]

sprede, *v.*, *inf.*, stretch, 1392.

sprent, *v.*, *pret.*, sprang, darted, 1892, 1994; **sprente**, 1846, 1949, 1954, 3357. [Cf. Mod. E. *sprint.*]

stad, *pp.*, oppressed (*lit.* placed), 3226, 3627.

stede, *n.*, place, 203, 851, 3847. [Cf. modern use of *stead* in *bedstead*, *homestead*, *steady*, and in phrase *instead of*.]

stedis, *n.*, *gen. sing.*, steed's, 114.

stente, see **stynt**.

sterte, *v.*, *inf.*, spring, 3278; *pret.*, 857, 2740, 2789; **stert**, *pret.*, 3352.

steuen, see **stevyn**.

stevyn, *n.*, voice, 3193, 3411, 3821; **steuen**, 2584. [OE. *stefn*, Ger. *stimme*.]

stiff, *adj.*, strong, 228; **stiffe**, 236, 1811, 1930, **styffe**, 1956.

stode, *n.*, stead, support, 3621.
stomelyd, *v.*, *pret.*, stumbled, 115.
stound, *n.*, time, moment, 1959; **stounde**, 114, 2549, 3066; **stownd**, 2865; **stownde**, 3515.
stoure, *n.*, battle, 655, 2288, 2741; **stowre**, 236, 1811.
stournely, *adv.*, sternly, 1601. [OE. *styrne*, ME. *stern*, *sturn*.]
stownd, **stownde**, see **stound**.
stowre, see **stoure**.
straught, *v.*, *pret.*, stretched, *i.e.*, strained, exerted himself, 2814.
stronge, *adj.*, hard, 3833.
s.ryffe, *adj.*, *for* **styffe**, strong (?), 1829.
styffe, see **stiff**.
stynt, *v.*, *inf.*, stop, 3246, 3947; **stente**, *pret.*, 1844; *pp.* 3080.
swayne, *n.*, squire, 711.
sweuenys, *n.*, *plu.*, dreams, 3170; **sweyneys**, 3226. [OE. *swefn*. In **sweyneys** the unaccented syllable *ue*(*ve*) has dropped out. This suggests the probable pronunciation.]
sweyneys, see **sweuenys**.
swith, *adv.*, very, 246; **swythe**, 3536. See also **swithe**.
swithe, *adv.*, quickly (frequently preceded by **as** or **also**, *q. v.*, with meaning *as quickly as possible*), 79, 394, 531, 634, 644; **swythe**, 642, 1481.
swoughe, *n.*, swoon, 903, 1634. [OE. *swōgan*.]
swythe, see **swith**, and **swithe**.
sye, *v.*, *pret.*, saw, 2800, 3201.
syghe, *v.*, *pret.*, saw, 1169, 3105, 3618, 3749.
syker, *adj.*, sure, 2333, 2741. Cf. **sekereste**.
syne, *conj.*, since, 3684.
synghand, *pr. p.*, singing, 2371.
sythe, *n.*, time, 696, 1561; **sithes**, *plu.*, 774.
sythe, *conj.*, see **sithe**.
syttes, see **sitte**.

T

tase, *v.*, *pres.*, takes, 956.
te, *v.*, *inf.*, draw, go, 965, 1015. [OE. *tēon*.]
telde, *n.*, *plu.*, tents, 2624; **teldys**, 2725.
tene, *n.*, grief, anger, 1449.
tene, *v.*, *inf.*, grieve, be vexed, 281.

tent, *v.*, *pret.*, attended, 3946.

than, *adv.*, then, 121, 624; **thanne**, 145.

thar, *v.*, *pres.*, needs (impersonal), 2028, 2338, 2426, **thare**, 3285. [OE. *thurfan*. The *f* often drops in ME. through confusion with the verb *to dare*.]

the, *pron.*, they, 1893.

thede, *n.*, people, nation, 61, 1415, 2305, 2361.

thedyr, *adv.*, thither, 139, 3751; **thedir**, 161.

theighe, *conj.*, though, 1985.

there, *conj.*, where, 194, 322, 777; **ther**, 2257, 3207; **thereas**, 356, 421.

therle, the earl, 177; **therle**, **therlis**, **therlys**, *gen.*, the earl's, 231, 626, 644.

thewis, *n.*, manners, 1081.

tho, *pron.*, those, 352, 448, 3079; **thoo**, 1151.

tho, *adv.*, then, 186, 2854; **thoo**, 313, 1112.

thore, *adv.*, there, 316, 1736, 2070.

thorne, *n.*, thorn tree, hawthorn, 3333, 3337.

thouȝth, *conj.*, though, 2881.

thought, *v.*, *pret.*, intended, 1655.

thrid, *num.*, third, 504; **thryd**, 1512. [For metathesis of *r* and *i*, cf. **byrd**, bride.]

thro, *adj.*, fierce, bold, 589, 2071, 2879, 3316; **throo**, 2389.

throw, *prep.*, through, 2704.

thryd, see **thrid**.

thrye, *adv.*, thrice, 383.

thryve, *adj.*, fortunate, successful, 589.

tidandis, see **tithandis**.

tille, *prep.*, to, for, 627, 637; **tylle**, 191, 817.

tithandis, *n.*, tidings, 542; **tidandis**, 710; **tithings**, 641; **tithyngis** 784; **tydandes**, 767; **tydandis**, 703; **tythandis**, 1787; **tythandys**, 1984; **tythingis**, 1966.

to, *conj.*, until, 374, 3437.

toforne, *adv.*, before, 3329, 3608.

tone, *pron.*, one, 2797, 3253, 3384, 3710. [Generally preceded by *the* and followed by *the tother*, a wrong division of ME. *thet on*, *thet other*, that one, that other; cf. **edder**.]

totorne, *pp.*, torn to pieces, 763.

trewes, *n.*, truce, 2012. [*Trewes* is etymologically the more correct spelling, for it is the plural of *trew*, a pledge. For

similar changed plurals, cf. *dice* (sing. *die*), *pence* (sing. *penny*), *bodice* (sing. *body*).]

triacle, *n.*, an antidote to poison, particularly to the venom of wild beasts, 864. [Lat. *theriaca*, pertaining to wild beasts.]

tronchon, *n.*, *lit.*, shaft, *here*, handle, 3071.

trone, *n.*, throne, 3789.

twight, *v.*, *pret.*, twitched, took, 1038.

twynne, *adj.*, twain, two, 2211. [OE. *twegen*.]

tydandes, tydandis, see **tithandis**.

tylle, see **tille**.

tyte, *adv.*, quickly (generally preceded by **as**, q. v.), 488, 3713. [Icelandic *tītt*, eager, fast; sometimes confused with *tight*; obsolete except in U. S.]

V

vndyrtyme, *n.*, morning, 2807. [*Undern* in OE. and ME. is the time from 9 A.M. to 12 M.]

vnfayne, *adj.*, unhappy, 2691. Cf. **fayne**.

vnhend, *adj.*, ungentle, discourteous, 1081; **vnhende**, 1001. Cf. **hend**.

vnkouth, *adj.*, unknown, strange, 851. Cf. **couth**.

vnneth, *adv.*, hardly, 2820; **vnnethe**, 2857. [*Un*, not; *eatha*, easily.]

vnsad, *adj.*, unsatisfied, 1508. Cf. **sad**.

vnsaught, *adj.*, disturbed, 3189. [*un*, not; *saught*, at peace; OE. *sæht*, agreement.]

vnsond, *adj.*, unwell, 3068; **vnsound**, 1599.

vntylle, *prep.*, to, 3858. Cf. **tylle**.

voute, *n.*, vault, 972.

vp, *adv.*, open, 1839.

W

waites, *v.*, *pres.*, watches, 1779; **waytes**, 74.

wake, *v.*, *inf.*, watch, keep vigil, 2591, 2605, 3571; **waykd**, *pret.*, 3904.

wan, *v.*, *pret.*, won, redeemed, 2439.

wanne, *adj.*, dark, black, 3465.

wantyd, *v.*, *pret.*, lacked, 2791.

warne, *v.*, *inf.*, forbid, 3011, 3040.

warynge, *n.*, warfare, 2975.

wawes, *n.*, *plu.*, waves, 3465.

waytes, see **waites**.

wede, *n.*, garments, apparel, armor, 83, 176, 489, 2655, 2709.

wede, *v.*, *inf.*, go mad, 651, 787, 914; **wedis**, *pres.*, 1574. [OE. *wēdan.*]

wederes, see **wedyr**.

wedyr, *n.*, weather, 3805; **wederes**, *plu.*, 2470.

weld, *v.*, *inf.*, wield, control, rule, 101, 920, 3405; **welde**, 1928, 2917, 3263.

wele, *n.*, happiness, joy, 8, 530, 3026.

weliney, *adv.*, well nigh, 3062.

well-a-wo, exclamation of sorrow, 652; **well-a-way**, 360, 740. [OE. *wā lā wā*, wo! lo! wo!]

weluette, *n.*, velvet, 2615.

wend, *v.*, *inf.*, turn, 334, 2698; **wente**, *pret.*, 1349.

wend, *inf.*, go, 563; **wendys**, *pres.*, 65; **wendys**, *imp.*, 2114; **went**, *pp.*, 58. [Largely supplanted in Mod. E. by *go*, which in ME. signifies *to walk*. *Went*, pret. of *wend*, has supplanted *eode*, *yode*, the pret. of *go*.]

wende, see **wene**, *v.*

wene, *n.*, doubt, 548, 1680, 1758.

wene, *v.*, *pres.*, think, suppose, 285, 371; **wenys**, *pres.*, 130, 686; **wenystow**, thinkest thou, 2926; **wende**, *pret.*, 1160, 1792; **wente**, *pret.*, 271, 422.

wenge, *v.*, *inf.*, avenge, 2217.

wente, see **wene** and **wend**.

wenys, **wenystow**, see **wene**.

were, *n.*, war, 2892; **werre**, 1695.

were, *v.*, *inf.*, wear, 2791; **weryd**, *pret.*, 3030.

werrynge, *n.*, warfare, 2932. Cf. **warynge**.

weryd, see **were**, *v.*

wete, *v.*, *inf.*, know, 1005, 1030; *imp.*, 2303, 2353; **wette**, *inf.*, 1717.

wette, see **wete**.

wetterlye, see **wytterly**.

wexe, *v.*, *pret.*, grew, 762, 951; **wexid**, *pret.*, 3777; **wexyn**, *pp.*, 2207

where, whether, introducing a single direct question, 180

whethir, introducing an exclamation, 773.

wight, *n.*, person, 128, 577, 608, 915; wyght, 1377.

wight, *n.*, whit, bit, thing, 852, 1781; any wight, at all, 107; no wight, not at all, 472. [*Wight* and *whit*, variants of the same word, have survived with different meanings.]

wight, *adj.*, valiant, active, 460.

wightely, *adv.*, quickly, 513; mightily, 2822; wyghtely, quickly, 3289.

wis, *v.*, *imp.*, guide, 3414.

wiseliche, *adv.*, see wisely.

wisely, *adv.*, surely, 1095; wiseliche, 1158. Cf. iwysse.

wiste, *v.*, *pret.*, knew, 8, 119, 189; wist, 128; wyste, 1537, wist, *pp.*, 1148.

wite, *v.*, *inf.*, blame, blame for, 492, 501, 1153; wyte, 2880; witeste, *pres.*, 2398.

witte, *n.*, mind, 651, 787; wytte, 3354, 3930.

wode, *adj.*, mad, 275, 384, 662; wood, 3006.

wokys, *n. plu.*, weeks, 2111.

wold, *n.*, power, 745; wolde, 3233. Cf. weld.

wone, *n.*, quantity, store, 1083. [Variant of *wan*, *wene*, OE. *wēna*.]

wone, *v.*, *inf.*, dwell, 2445, 2446; wonyd, *pret.*, 3636; wonnyd, *pret.*, 332; wounyd, *pret.*, 137.

wonne, *n.*, dwelling, 3377.

wonnyng, *n.*, dwelling, 3561.

wonyd, wonnyd, see wone, *v.*

wood, see wode.

woodely, *adv.*, madly, 3191. Cf. wode.

worship, *n.*, honor, reputation, 35; worshippe, 1152.

worshippeth, *v.*, *pres.*, honors, 1166; worshipped, *pret.*, 1413.

worshippfully, *adv.*, with honor, 1122.

worthe, *v.*, *inf.*, become, 1817; worthis, *pres.*, gets, mounts, 782. [OE. *weorthan*, to be; survives only in such archaic expressions as *woe worth the day*.]

worthe, *adj.*, worthy, good, 2545; worthy, 2591.

worthis, see worthe, *v.*

woste, *v.*, *pres.*, knowest, 1158.

wote, *v.*, *pres.*, know, 690, 1381.

wound, *v.*, *inf.*, wend, go, 2863.

wound, *v.*, *inf.*, hesitate, 1070; wounde, 3558. [Variant of *wan*, *wond*, OE. *wandian*.]

wount, *adj.*, wont, 26.
wounyd, see **wone**.
wrake, *n.*, rack, ruin, trouble, sorrow, 935, 948, 1092, 1181, 1451, 1675, 1695, 3567, 3666.
wrathed, *pp.*, angered, 3633.
wyghtely, see **wightly**.
wykke, *adj.*, wicked, severe, 3365.
wylanlyche, *adv.*, villainously, 1156.
wynne, *v.*, *inf.*, get to, reach, 1830.
wynne, *n.*, joy, 3788. [OE. *wynn*; cf. Mod. E. *winsome*.]
wyte, see **wite**.
wytte, see **witte**.
wytterly, *adv.*, surely, 1381; **wetterlye**, 1452.

Y and Ȝ

ya, *adv.*, yea, 79; **ȝa**, 1626.
yafe, **yaff**, **yaffe**, see **yeff**.
yare, *adj.*, ready, prepared, 218, 253, 2048; **ȝare**, 1121, 2454; *adv.*, quickly, soon, 983, 3536.
yat, *n.*, gate, 2864; **yates**, *plu.*, 2743.
yche, *adj.*, each, 117; **yche a bone**, all his bones; cf. **iche** and **iche a syde**.
ychone, *pron.*, each one, 2720, 3820. Cf. **ichone**.
yede, *v.*, *pret.*, went, 81, 288, 346; **yode**, 307, 962; **yoode**, 3108. [Obsolete pret. of *go*, OE. *gan*, *eode*, supplanted by *went*, *pret.* of **wend**, q. v.]
yeff, *v.*, *inf.*, give, 2728; **yeffe**, *pres. subj.*, 3671; **yeue**, *inf.*, 3267, 3275; **yeve**, *pp.*, 88; **yif**, *imp.*, 3554; **yiff**, *pres. subj.*, 3669; **yafe**, *pret.*, 2963; **yaff**, *pret.*, 269, 2809; **yaffe**, *pret.*, 2815; **ȝeuyth**, *imp.*, 2188.
ȝeme, *v.*, *inf.*, protect, 2512. [OE. *gēman*.]
yen, *n.*, *plu.*, eyes, 2419, 3935; **yȝen**, 1349, 1557, 2083, 229[illegible]. [Plural in *-en*.]
ȝendyr, *adj.*, yonder, other, 1105.
yeue, **yeve**, **ȝeuyth**, see **yeff**.
yif, **yiff**, *v.*, see **yeff**.
yif, *conj.*, if, 21; **yife**, 2077; **yiff**, 31; **yiffe**, 2197. See bot yit, etc.
yiftis, *n.*, *plu.*, gifts, 388.
yit, *adv.*, even, 2248.

ylke, *adj.*, same, 54, 366, 696. See **ilke**.
yode, see **yede**.
yolde, *v.*, *pret.*, yielded, 2308; **yolden**, *pp.*, 2797.
yuelle, *adj.*, evil, harsh, sorrowful, 2129; **yvelle**, hard, 619.
yȝen, see **yen**.


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